

A CHANCE TO CURE SOCIALISM

THE Socialism which we have in mind in this paper is a real disease, both mental and moral: it originates in intellectual error and issues in wrong projects and conduct. We limit our remarks to that theory which denies certain postulates of the natural law, and, in its development, is not compatible with true Christianity. On account of the loose use of the term to cover many differing systems, it is clear that no fruitful diagnosis or discussion of Socialism is possible which does not begin and continue with clear and fixed definitions. The Socialism, then, which is a disease and which calls for a remedy is a system which does not acknowledge the right of private property in land or goods or wealth used as capital, and which consequently aims at making the community assume the ownership and the administration of all such property, punishing as a crime against the State any retention or resumption by individuals of such exclusive ownership or use. Of course in practice Socialists allow that this theory must be greatly modified so as, for instance, to allow private property in what is purely personal. But it is the denial of the right to possess and to use for one's own benefit, even what is not strictly needed, with all the consequences which flow from that right, that forms the essence of the wrong sort of Socialism. Any variety which admits the existence of that right of private ownership and disposal, and does not impede its lawful exercise, is outside the scope of this discussion. For, given the right to hold, to accumulate and to dispose of property, the integrity of the Christian family, that form of association which is anterior to the State and in some essential matters independent of it, is safeguarded, and in the integrity and maintenance of the family the Christian finds the test, whereby he judges the morality of any economic scheme for human betterment. If, for instance, the exercise of the suffrage by women necessarily involved, as some used to think, a notable deterioration of the family ideal, that alone would in the view of the Christian show that woman's suffrage was not right. Similarly, if any industrial system or regulation were to make the founding and maintenance of the family difficult or impossible, that alone would be sufficient to condemn it. The Socialism,

therefore, which gives unlimited power to the State either over the persons or the property of the citizens is wholly opposed to the Christian system which is one of checks and balances, designed to secure reasonable liberty to the individual and the rights of the family group on the one hand, and on the other, not to allow individualism or family selfishness to interfere with the general welfare. The general welfare, broadly considered, is indeed the justification and the measure of legitimate State interference. Always provided that the essential rights of the individual, and the integrity of the family are secured, no economic arrangement which works well in itself and in its effects is morally reprehensible.

Socialism of the wrong sort is, as is well known, a reaction from the unchecked and irresponsible Capitalism of the Manchester School. If Capitalism had from the first been guided by Christian morality, had not treated labour as a mere commodity, had given the worker fair wages, been content with fair profits and charged the consumer fair prices, Socialism would never have arisen. It was the terrible disregard of humanity, of the dignity and well-being of the wage-earner, characterizing the industrial system of the early nineteenth century, which created the conviction that such an evil thing could never be an instrument of human welfare, and thus caused many reformers to waste thought and energy in propagating something equally irrational and un-Christian, the Socialism of Karl Marx.

We are somewhat wiser now, thanks to the crimes and blunders of the Bolsheviks, who have been trying for the past five years or so to make the Marxian doctrines work, in spite of recalcitrant human nature and in defiance of God's law. But there are still Communists amongst us, untaught by the spectacle of Soviet Russia and, therefore, probably unteachable by any agency. And there still are theoretical Socialists, who will not accept the Christian doctrine about property, religion and the family, who still think that human covetousness is uncontrollable and, therefore, should be suppressed, and who imagine, on the other hand, that men who can hardly be induced to work for themselves or those that belong to them, will be zealous and energetic in the service of the State. It is these Socialists, with their despair of Capitalism, their ignorance of human nature, their rejection of Christian teaching, their keen sense of social injustice, that we have to convert. And the time, it seems, is now.

The results of the late election have been variously interpreted according to the prepossessions of the interpreters, but there is one result which cannot be explained away. The Conservatives number a little over two-thirds of the whole House and can count on half-a-dozen more votes from the Constitutionalists. They have thus a standing majority of over 200, and of course an even stronger position in the Lords. And so they have power, power to pass what legislation they please, power to remove whatever abuses and hardships as are removable by legislation. And, as far as a mandate can be conveyed through our wholly inadequate electoral system, they are commissioned to do so on un-socialistic principles and by un-socialistic methods. For, although it is a mere darkening of counsel to speak of the election result as "the voice of the people," "the nation's verdict," "a triumph of popular wisdom," and so forth, as too many papers have done, reckoning by seats won and not by votes cast,¹ still, as Socialism was made the predominant issue, it must be granted that a two-thirds majority of voters has actually declared against it. Further analysis of the votes exhibits the startling fact that this large anti-Socialist vote is due mainly to the workers, which gives a pleasing assurance that the errors of Socialism have made comparatively little headway amongst them. The income-tax returns reveal that, out of the 16,642,184 voters only 563,000 possess incomes of £500 and upwards: therefore, over 16 million electors belong either to the small *rentier* class or to workers for wage or salary—a vastly greater proportion. Moreover, it would be absurd to assume that the 5½ million people who voted for Labour candidates are all Socialists in the wrong sense. Many social reformers have come to look upon the Labour Party as the best instrument for abolishing the abuses of Capitalism and for safeguarding international peace; there are tens of thousands of Catholic Labour voters who are keenly opposed to the errors of Socialism; there are doubtless very many others who vote for their party without understanding or endorsing the whole party programme. The fact

¹ The total Conservative vote, together with the Constitutionalists' quota of 175,285 was 8,039,687, out of a voting total of 16,642,184: Labour came next with over 5,508,482, whilst the Liberals nearly reached three million (2,929,571). If the seats contested were allotted in proportion to votes the totals would have been, 261,192,103 respectively. Thus the Conservatives really represent a minority: on the other hand, anti-Socialists (Conservative and Liberal) are in a large majority.

that the official Head of the Church in this country has stated publicly¹ that there is nothing in the Labour Party's programme, in spite of its extremists, that threatens religion, and that one can be an excellent Catholic although a Labour man, indicates that the so-called Socialist vote may not be so formidable as it seems. We have always deprecated the identification of the Labour Party with Socialism, and, still more, with Communism, and the result of the election bears out our view. If Labour was not reinstated in office, it was because of its extremists: the mere suspicion that the Government was coquetting with Communism, or unduly complaisant towards the fiendish tyranny in Russia, destroyed whatever chances it had of becoming strong enough to hold the balance between the other parties in power. The increase in electoral support which has alarmed so many² is after all more apparent than real, for Labour contested about 100 more seats in 1924 than in 1923, and secured the record of about half a million more votes in its favour. Then, over 2,000,000 more people voted in 1924 than in 1923, whereas the electorate increased only by about a million. What proportion of the new votes went to Labour cannot of course be ascertained, but it would seem that it has just maintained its previous political strength.

If ever it is to succeed again it must convince the electorate, including, as we have seen, the bulk of its own class, that its policies have nothing to do with un-Christian Socialism. The property-less multitudes of this country have been portentously drilled and regimented, both by the State, the growing intervention of which is so unhealthy a symptom of our times, and by their own organizations, not always to their real benefit, but they remain sturdily individualistic. They are, of course, eager for a betterment of their conditions. The modicum of education which two generations of them now have had, has made them both logical and vocal. They can express their grievances and they can judge of the remedies proposed. Consequently, the Party now in power

¹ See *Universe*, August 22nd and November 14th, 1924.

² How very frightened some people are and how needlessly, two writers to *The Times* have recently shown. Lord Sydenham, on November 3rd, wrote, "The false reactionary and destructive doctrines of Socialism claimed more than five and a half million adherents, and the fact that in such a country as ours they increased by more than one million in a year, is a portent which we dare not disregard," and a few days before (November 1st) Mr. Lort-Williams stated equally fallaciously, "These [voting] figures show that roughly one-third of the people in this country are avowed Socialists." Such cries of "Wolf!" only obstruct real reform.

has an unparalleled opportunity of "killing Socialism by kindness," of showing that Capitalism can be reformed and great wealth rightly used, of curbing, as far as legislation can curb, the unbridled avarice that has made life so hard and so precarious for such multitudes of workers, of, to put it shortly, abolishing the proletariat as a status of living, a factor of industry. It is their most urgent duty.

Properly regarded, a Member of Parliament's constituents comprise not only those who voted for him, but those who voted against him and those who did not vote at all. He represents, with or without colleagues, the whole borough or county section from which his seat is named. And the interests of all his constituents should be his care, in proportion to their needs and their helplessness. We are glad to see that many of the supporters of the Government recognize this. Here is a selection of opinions expressed since the election by supporters of the Government:

"This may well be their [the Conservatives'] last chance. If with this overwhelming strength they are unable to lighten the burden of the millions who have trusted them with their vote, it is unlikely that the opportunity will recur."

"The Conservative Party with an effective majority in both Houses for four years at least have now a unique opportunity of solving the three problems in which the nation is at present principally interested—(1) housing, (2) unemployment, (3) peaceful foreign relations. It is for them to show that it is possible to solve the first and second on 'individualist' lines. If they fail [the electors] will give the Labour Party national authority to solve these problems on 'collectivist' or 'Socialist' lines."

"The people whose votes turn elections want a constructive, not a reactionary, Government. A way must be found to provide homes for the men who fought 'for England, home and duty'—and for whom houses are not, though the sixth anniversary of Armistice Day is upon us. National stability depends on home life and regular employment. If these can be assured, education will take its proper place in national progress. These things—housing, employment, education—are legitimate demands of Labour, and not of the Labour Party only. All people of good will, all who are not purblind, must be ready to make sacrifices for them."

"Just as political democracy was created by a revolt against tutelary government by the so-called privileged classes, so this [the Labour Movement] is a revolt against an industrial system under which the whole of the means of production is owned by the privileged few, with power to deny the opportunity to work upon any day and for any or no reason to the daily wage-earning population. Such a condition of affairs is, of course, the result of the working of our industrial system which has gradually changed the individual craftsman into a proletarian, a result which is neither necessary nor natural. The revolt of the proletariat is really an example of intense individualism, and the great problem which now demands solution, and which must be solved by the Conservative Party during the next five years if this country is to be saved from revolution, is the democratization of industry, or, in other words, how to change the proletariat into part-owners and controllers of the industries in which they are engaged."

"We are all Socialists in the sense that we desire, just as ardently as the Labour Party, to see our workpeople happy and contented and their social conditions improved. . . . But the problems themselves—unemployment, housing, and the means of securing co-operation between Labour and Capital and the more equitable distribution of wealth—remain as insistent as ever, and cry aloud for solution, if we are to recover our prosperity and to remain a great and united nation. They can never be satisfactorily solved without the good will and co-operation of all parties in the State—least of all, without the co-operation of the leaders of Labour."

These quotations from various letters to the Press might be greatly multiplied, and they all point to a widespread conviction that, unless Socialist propaganda can be met and countered by effective social reform, it will gain immensely in strength. In a truer sense than ever before, the Capitalist system is now on its trial. If it cannot provide decent and humane conditions of livelihood for the wage-earner, if it is shown to *need* "pools of unemployment" whence to draw cheap labour, if it fails to devise some means of controlling trusts, rings, and monopolies and other varieties of usury and profiteering, if it proves a hindrance to the proper education of the worker or to his having normal home life, then its selfishness will call down upon it its own doom. It is not

academic arguments on the rights of man that breed revolutionary Socialism, but the sight of waste and luxury and vulgar ostentation amongst the rich and idle, the entire absence of a sense of responsibility in the use of their possessions by those who live for pleasure and sport, and the enormous profits made by great trading concerns which are sheltered from competition or have secured a practical monopoly. It is this that enables the street-corner orator to divide the community with some plausibility into exploiters and exploited.

And we must remember that, although they have lost much political influence, the Labour leaders are as powerful as ever in the economic field. "His Majesty's Opposition" sits not only in Parliament but at the head of the various Trade Unions and on Committees of the various Local Government bodies, without whose good will and co-operation many social reforms cannot be effectively carried out. And therefore it is important not only that there should be real earnestness about housing, unemployment, profiteering, and the rest, but that the earnestness should be made in every way apparent, for instance, by associating all parties in the efforts made, and by explaining, if obstacles and delays occur, what precisely they are.

For that reason all will welcome the explicit declarations of policy made by the Prime Minister at the Guildhall on November 10th, when he stated:

"The problem of housing is one that will immediately engage the attention of the Government, for we are still confronted with the paradox of a dearth of houses on the one hand and a dearth of employment on the other; and that paradox has to be resolved. . . . We are fully alive to the evils, to the suffering, and to the loss of efficiency which result from bad housing, from the shortage of houses, and from the existence of slums. Better houses for the people, quickly provided, clearance of slums, and the prevention of slums are the first necessities of policy for any Government in this country."

It is true that this national need has been recognized and proclaimed by every Government since the war, but all have allowed themselves to be baulked by the selfish quarrels between employers and Trade Unions, both more keen about private interests than the good of the country, and by the

inertia of the local authorities. Yet everyone knows that, were the housing problem settled, most of the discontent and disorder of the times would disappear. Temperance reform, hygiene, education, moral discipline—all depend on decent home life, which is impossible without decent homes. Slums are the forcing ground, not only of immorality and crime, but of revolutionary Socialism as well. Mr. Baldwin wisely insisted, in the same speech, on the inability of legislation to do more than remove obstacles in the path of enterprise. "The redemption of the people must come from themselves." It is not for the State to embark on trade: that is not its function. Nor, indeed, should municipalities be over-eager to undertake public services, although abnormal needs justify for the time abnormal activities on their part. And the State must control trade at least to the extent that it should put down profiteering and abolish the parasitic middleman. "I cannot help feeling," said the Premier cautiously, "that somewhere between the cost to the producer and the cost to the consumer, there is a certain amount of waste which ought to be eliminated." He may have had in mind the recorded transaction at Covent Garden whereby a farmer received only ninepence for 2,000 cabbages which sold in the market for £16.¹ It is easier, less risky and more profitable to distribute than to produce, and consequently the distributing profession is greatly overstocked, to the detriment both of producer and consumer. An extension of the licensing system, which keeps down the number of "pubs" and pawnshops, might be necessary to cope with this evil, but it can be better dealt with by a further extension on proper lines of that striking example of self-help, the co-operative movement. In this fashion the people have effectively redeemed themselves, and solved to some extent the problem of the unnecessary middleman. The growth of this self-help organization will prove one of the influences best counteracting Socialism, provided it itself does not become capitalistic, and aim at large dividends instead of low prices—a danger from which it is not immune.²

But, as things are, before many of the people can help themselves, they must be given work to do. Man's right to live connotes a right to the means of living, which in our

¹ The operations of the Meat Trust result in Australian beef being sold wholesale at 4d. a pound and retail at 1s. 4d. The Premier has since appointed a Commission with wide reference and strong powers to investigate food-prices.

² See *THE MONTH*, July, p. 72.

present condition is the same as opportunity to sell his services to others. But there is no opportunity for a vast army of would-be workers, and it is a desperate symptom of our diseased social conditions that such an army should have to be kept alive by public charity, whether national or municipal. Instead of contributing to the national wealth, they are a heavy drain on the resources of the community. Is this a necessary consequence of the wage-capitalist system? The Socialist says it is, and it is the business of the anti-Socialist, represented by the present Government, to prove that it is not. The Prime Minister failed before, or at any rate, he was not allowed to try his remedy. The Labour Government failed; for all its supposed Socialism it showed itself unaccountably shy about inaugurating public works and becoming itself the employer of the workless. Now Mr. Baldwin has a second chance, and it may be a last one. He is aware of the danger of fostering in the community the already excessive tendency to turn to the State for help in every emergency. Men must learn to help themselves as they did in Catholic times. The local groups, as they can best appreciate, so can best solve local needs. To them should the stimulus of Government aid be directed.

Disraeli long ago pointed out¹ that as a result of unrestricted Capitalism the English people became split into two nations, with different habits, thoughts, feelings, education, aims and interests—the Rich and the Poor. The division exists still, for the cause is still there, and Socialism, with the Labour movement as *imperium in imperio*, is one of its fruits. The problem for Disraeli's successor is to reunite these discordant elements by showing that their true interests are identical, and by promoting the better distribution of the national wealth. The poor, as we have seen, have voted for him as well as the rich: he is doubly bound to respond to their confidence. The Socialists are preaching the class-war: he must show that there is nothing to fight about. A *non-possumus* attitude, an appeal to the "iron laws" of economics to justify inaction, a tolerance of selfish opposition to remedial projects—above, all, an attitude which implies that the workers are a caste apart, to be fed, clothed, housed and sympathetically treated, but only because they will work better so—all these things would betray a complete insensi-

¹ In *Sybil or the Two Nations* (1845).

bility to the gravity of the situation, and foster a desperate reaction.

The last-named point is of especial importance. Long experience of the "two-nation" system has induced habits of thought and speech derogatory to the dignity of the workers. They are given even by sympathizers, the opprobrious name of "the lower classes," and hence are looked upon as an inferior order of being, instead of receiving the consideration which their importance to the commonwealth demands. Let us remember that the whole social order is supported by the humble, constant, monotonous labour of millions of obscure people who have hitherto had access to few of the amenities of life, but, on the contrary, have not even had that measure of comfort and security that prudent masters of old provided for their slaves. The astonishing growth of the political Labour Movement since the beginning of this century, culminating in its actually providing a Government for the country, is a measure of the neglect which politicians had hitherto shown to the natural aspirations of the workers by excluding them from the "ruling classes," and legislating habitually in their own interest. The Labour Party cannot now be disbanded: it is more likely to absorb the remnants of the other historic group which approaches nearest to it in principle. But its class-consciousness, its preoccupation with sectional interests, its purely economic view-point, its subservience to non-national influences,—these can and must be got rid of; and will be, if the party opposed is able to prove that it acts for the nation, and not for particular moneyed interests or merely for itself. A sanguine Conservative agent, writing to *The Times* after the election, said: "Quite one half of all Conservatives are found amongst manual workers, as every politician knows." However that may be, no manual worker is to be found amongst the Conservative Members of Parliament, and still less in the Government. The Party, as distinguished from its supporters, belongs wholly to one class, "the nation of the rich," a fact which gives the Socialist his opportunity of asserting that it cannot but legislate in the interests of that class.¹ It should not be impossible to deprive the Socialist of that argument.

¹ All who hope for the unity of the nation must deplore the recent creation of a body known as the "British Fascisti," whose name sufficiently indicates its object. Its formation, of course, has been provoked by the revolutionary Communists, but after all it is the business of Government to keep order, not of private groups. The Government could find no better way of showing that it belongs to all classes than by disbanding these "class-warriors."

Finally, the Socialist view is distorted and out of focus because it is almost wholly directed to the things of this earth, and thus it gains its chief support amongst those who have little sense of religion. Therefore it must be combated in the school, and therefore the Government should beware of any educational legislation which interferes with the religious instruction of the children. Economy, efficiency, simplicity of administration, would be dearly bought at the cost of restricting the influence of Christianity in the primary schools. On the contrary, it should be the aim of Government to stimulate and encourage definite religious training as the most important part of education. If Socialism is strong to-day, one reason is because of those short-sighted enactments in the past, which, under pressure from the Nonconformist conscience, hampered denominational instruction in elementary schools and training colleges. There is much still to be done before the religious rights of parents and children are fully recognized, but whatever helps the growing generation to a fuller knowledge and more perfect practice of Christianity will help as well the security and welfare of the State.

The disease of Socialism can be cured by justice and charity, the two virtues that regulate aright all forms of human intercourse. Legislation may embody justice and charity, but it cannot enforce them. They are the growth of the religious spirit, they live in man's moral consciousness, they are rooted in Christian dogma. It should be the prayer of all that those who in this crisis are entrusted with the destinies of the nation and may make or mar its future, may put justice and charity in the forefront of their enterprise and rise to the height of the great opportunity offered them of restoring unity, strength and prosperity to the nation.

J. KEATING.

THE EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF “GEORGES MARASCO”

IN the series of articles which have been published in these pages during the last five years, under the title, for the most part, of “Some Physical Phenomena of Mysticism,” the suggestion has implicitly been made that not all the wonders popularly reputed to be supernatural ought in reality to be so regarded, but that it is necessary in all these psycho-physical manifestations to proceed with extreme caution because the ground has as yet been very inadequately surveyed. Down to comparatively recent times theologians, and indeed men of science also, were pretty well agreed in classifying all abnormal psychic phenomena as either fraudulent, divine, or diabolical. If an ascetic remained for hours together riveted in the same spot, rapt out of himself and impervious to all sense perceptions, the observer hastily concluded that he was a saint; or, if something occurred to arouse his suspicions, argued that he was either shamming or else had sold himself to the devil. If it was stated that bleeding wounds had developed in his hands, feet and side, or that he had been seen to float in the air, or that he handled red-hot coals without being burnt, or that he had lived for years without taking food, or that he had appeared to reliable witnesses in Rome at a time when it was known that he was peacefully asleep at Naples, or that half an hour after some unexpected event had taken place a thousand miles away he published the news of it to certain privileged friends, the same people affirmed with still stronger conviction, that if it was not either a trick or a miracle, the devil must unquestionably have had a hand in it.

That the conclusions thus summarily arrived at by the theologians of old were always wrong I am very far from asserting. I fully believe in the prevalence of a great deal of subtle and often seemingly purposeless fraud. I also believe that diabolical influences may intervene in human affairs, more particularly in cases of possession similar to those which are made so prominent in the New Testament. Neither can it be necessary to insist that miracles may and do occur which can be explained by nothing but the exercise

of the power of the Almighty. But we must not prematurely jump at conclusions, and I submit that we ought to recognize the existence of a small class of abnormally constituted persons who seem to have lived in an atmosphere of extravagance and miracle, but who are not necessarily to be accounted either impostors or saints. There may be exceptional people in whom the relations between body and mind do not seem to follow the laws observable in other healthy human beings who form the majority of the race. The tendency of recent decisions of ecclesiastical authority seems certainly to point to a recognition of the need for greater caution in dealing with such phenomena. The much-talked-of revelations of Claire Ferchaud have not only failed to find approval at Rome, but have been distinctly disapproved, while the recent pronouncement in the case of Padre Pio of Foggia is unmistakably suggestive of a desire to discourage the tributes of popular veneration which his stigmata and other rumoured manifestations have evoked. The document needs careful translation, but so far as I can render it into English it runs thus:

In a declaration published on May 31st last year (1923), this Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office saw fit to warn the faithful, as the result of an investigation which had been carried out regarding the happenings (*factis*, that is, seemingly, the marvellous phenomena) commonly attributed to the Capuchin friar, Padre Pio di Petralcina, an inmate of the religious house of San Giovanni Rotondo, in the diocese of Foggia, that no conclusion could be arrived at concerning the alleged supernatural character of these happenings (*nihil de praetensa eorum supernaturalitate colligi potuisse*) and exhorted the faithful themselves in their own behaviour to act conformably to this declaration.

Since then, fresh information has been furnished from many reliable sources and the same Supreme Sacred Congregation considers it its duty once more to exhort the faithful in still graver terms (*gravioribus verbis*), to abstain absolutely (*ut prorsus abstineant*) from visiting the said Father for any devotional purpose, and from maintaining any relations with him even by letter. Given at Rome, July 24th, 1924.¹

¹ *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*, September, 1924, p. 368.

Although one must be on one's guard against the tendency to read into such decrees more than they actually say, it is difficult to imagine that two pronouncements should have been communicated to the public in terms which are so clearly open to the interpretation of a veiled censure, if their only purpose had been to protect Padre Pio from the importunities of his indiscreet admirers. On the other hand, no suggestion is conveyed of imposture, and we know from many precedents that, where fraud has been detected, the Sacred Congregation has not hesitated to say so in the most uncompromising terms.¹ In view of the medical testimony, which I have previously referred to in these pages, there seems no room for doubt that Padre Pio does bear in hands, feet and side the wound-marks of the Passion which there is no reason to consider artefact. We are consequently led to infer that the committee of investigation have found themselves confronted by a baffling phenomenon which they cannot recognize as supernatural, but upon the precise character of which they forbear to pronounce.

And this is the difficulty suggested by a very large number of cases in past history in which contradictory decisions have been arrived at by ecclesiastical authorities, or in which mystics who have been held in the highest repute for sanctity for many years on account of the marvellous phenomena they produced, have afterwards been sentenced by the Inquisition and, strangely enough, have died most edifying deaths. There is no room here to discuss these cases, for I wish to deal in the present article with a modern example in which apparently an exactly similar problem is presented and which is now being juridically investigated by the civil tribunals of Brussels. Let it suffice for the moment to recall the bewildering phenomena of Palma d'Oria and Marie-Julie Jahenny, with whom also I am disposed to associate Anne Catherine Emmerich, as examples which have already been dealt with here in the series of articles previously referred to.

But the case of "Georges Marasco," whose true name appears to be Bertha Mrazek, is in some features more remarkable than any of those just mentioned. It will perhaps be simplest to begin our story with the event which first drew the attention of Catholic Belgium to the personality of this young woman. On July 27th, 1920, the *Libre Belgique*,

¹ I may refer by way of illustration to a case of this kind, described as a "Notificazione di affettata Sanità," which I have cited in *Studies*, June, 1921, p. 263.

and at least one other paper of Catholic sympathies, printed the following narrative, which, in spite of its length, I will venture to translate entire.

A CURE AT THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF HAL.

A correspondent writes from the little town of Hal that the population of that pious home of devotion to Mary is greatly excited over an extraordinary event. On Monday, July 19th, about 3 in the afternoon, a motor-car drove up with four visitors—a sick girl, thirty years of age, who lives at Forest, the Very Rev. Curé of Forest, a nurse, and a young soldier, M. J.—, who had fought in the war. A stretcher was procured from the hospital and the sick girl was carried in and taken to the shrine. Clothed in a long *robe de nuit*, she was set down at the foot of the altar, deadly pale and without sign of life. During the journey she had fainted and M. le Curé had been afraid that they would never get her out of the motor alive.

Before the miraculous statue they spent a quarter of an hour in trying to revive her. At last recovering her senses, she asked for M. le Curé, who came to her and said: "I am here, your parish priest; we are at the shrine of Hal before Our Lady's statue. Have confidence and pray." Suddenly the sick girl who had been paralysed for a year and blind for two months, lifted her arms, joined her hands and staggered forward for a step or two. They caught her and laid her down again. But she rose a second time, climbed up the steps of the altar unaided, and there knelt down and prayed fervently. She said to M. le Curé, "I am entirely cured. Look at my hands—and besides, I can see."

The church by this time was full of people. M. le Curé of Forest intoned the *Magnificat*, after which the girl in thrilling tones sang three verses of a *cantique* of which she had herself composed the words: *J'irai la voir un jour*. Before leaving she turned to the Dean of Hal, who had been present at the scene almost from the beginning, and obtained his permission to present an *ex-voto* which would take the form of a picture of Our Lady she herself had painted.

It can hardly be necessary to point out to the judicious reader how everything in this scene centres round the personality of the principal performer. The moment she had

ceased to attract the sympathy of her audience by her invalid condition as a sufferer who is at the very point of death, she steps forward in a new rôle. It is she who still occupies the stage by singing her own *cantique* and by offering to present a picture of her own designing. But let us continue the account from which we are quoting.

She left the church with a firm step, returning thanks to the Blessed Virgin, and followed by the salutations of a crowd deeply affected at what they had witnessed. On the way back, so M. le Curé told us, she talked freely and well, and her home-coming created a great sensation among the neighbours who had seen her leave in a dying state, and astounded her doctor, who had pronounced the case incurable.

At Forest [this is a suburb of Brussels] she lives in an unpretentious little house, Avenue De Nayer. We are ushered into a small drawing-room furnished in the Chinese style. There is nothing luxurious, but the taste is original—nick-nacks in profusion, cushions scattered about, the walls draped with curtains, hanging shelves with little porcelain figures, and here and there a Japanese sunshade. A clear, ringing voice makes itself heard in the next room. "That is she," says M. le Curé François, who had come with us. Suddenly, she throws the door wide open and appears before us, a white figure dressed in the same long *robe de nuit* she had worn on the 19th.

Her face is thin, but there is colour in the cheeks, and it is framed in smooth bands of glossy black hair. Her eyes look straight at us with a frank expression and they have a quite remarkable gleam in their depths. Her hands are long and her little feet are encased in white slippers. For a moment she stood there without speaking. We went towards her with outstretched hands, offering our compliments, but she at once waves them aside: "No, not to me," she says, "to Our Lady." Then she takes us into the next room, adorned with pictures and portraits, her own work. On the mantel-piece is a curious Italian madonna. In the corner a portrait of herself, younger than at present and rather stylish (*mondaine*), but with a grave and thoughtful expression. This also she had painted herself. In another corner on a little table, a skull with a pipe in its mouth and a Prussian helmet

perched on top. Against the wall hangs a Belgian flag to which she has pinned a number of her own portraits. There you may see her framed in palm-branches and flowers, with streamers bearing complimentary inscriptions, some from the staff of the Belgian Quartermaster-General, others from artists' clubs to which she had belonged.

With charming readiness she submits to a fusillade of questions which lasted for an hour and a half. The French she speaks is quite pure. Her talk is eloquent, animated and picturesque. She is able to go about everywhere and is astounded at having been cured by Our Blessed Lady. "I am no longer ill," she says, "I am now not even tired," and to show us how completely she has recovered, she twists her fingers about like a delighted child.

We learn that she was born at Brussels, on December 11th, 1890, of a Czechoslovak father and a Belgian mother. Her proper name is Bertha Mrazek. During the war, her friend, Miss Cavell, advised her to alter her name into something more "civilized." Since that time she has called herself Marasco. Georges Marasco was her pen-name, for she is a born poet as well as a painter. She declares that she has never had any sort of teaching. For the past twelve years the fingers of her left hand had been paralysed, and besides that the skin of her feet and of her right arm became dried up and cracked. During the war she had to face great privations and her health was much impaired. She rendered great service to the Belgian cause, to which the Headquarters Staff to which she was attached bears witness. She did the "quatre cent coups," as the phrase runs, and was twice condemned to death by the Bosches for disrespect and high treason, but she escaped by a trick. She addressed a remonstrance to the Kaiser, which was not exactly complimentary—a copy of verses. "Listen," she said, jumping out of her chair, "I will recite them to you," and she spoke the whole piece with immense animation.

At the Saint-Gilles prison she made more than one convert, and won over to her side a German soldier who in former days had been resident in Belgium. He was of the greatest service to our dear country. Miss Cavell's death was a great grief to her. She preserves as precious keepsakes several objects, which belonged to her heroic friend, her cross, which she showed us, and some of her clothes.

After the Armistice Georges Marasco continued her patriotic work. She made her way into Germany and obtained valuable information more particularly regarding the resumption of work in the great workshops. It was on her return from an expedition of this sort that she was arrested by a Belgian sentinel, the young man, J—, who had accompanied her to Hal. He, though at first very suspicious, on examining her papers with particular care, satisfied himself that all was in order and became her devoted friend. The cure of Mlle. Marasco produced upon him a profound religious impression.

The reaction which followed upon Georges Marasco's labours and hardships ended in a very serious illness. She was admitted as a patient into more than one hospital and was treated by a dozen doctors. "Our Lady," she said, "was the thirteenth." In the last stages of her illness she was attended at Forest by Dr. X. For a year she had been confined to bed, both feet and hands were completely paralysed, bones were dislocated, seven vertebrae were out of place and the jaw twisted. For the last two months she had also been blind. Several doctors have declared that her illness was bound to prove fatal.

Such is the story of Bertha Mrazek's cure at Hal, and it is, of course, quite unnecessary to point out that no student of medicine at the present day could for a moment regard such a cure as genuinely miraculous. It is an almost typical example of those sudden restorations of nerve power which so constantly occur in hysterical subjects, usually, it would seem, in consequence of some powerful suggestion extrinsic or intrinsic. The "miracle," however, occurred more than four years ago and since then there have been remarkable developments. How far the rôle of *miraculée* has contributed to these later happenings I am unable to say, but when I first heard of Georges Marasco in the early spring of 1923, my informant, who was an extremely earnest and devout adherent of hers and was in intimate contact with her every day, described her as a highly privileged soul who diffused around her an atmosphere of sanctity. According to this account, and I cannot lay too much stress upon my conviction of the perfect good faith of the disciple in question, Georges had had a great but mysterious mission confided to her from on high. She received constant revelations from heaven; like St. Jeanne d'Arc she had intercourse with angels and saints,

passed the whole of Lent without eating and was a constant sufferer. There were also extraordinary manifestations of diabolical malice, the counterpart of the disturbances created by "Grappin" in the life of the Curé d'Ars. Although she was viewed with suspicion by many of the Belgian clergy, she was under the direction of a distinguished French Abbé, the official exorcist in one of the French dioceses and himself accounted a great expert in the higher ways of asceticism. He had thoroughly investigated the case and was satisfied that the revelations were not diabolical illusions, but that she was guided throughout by the spirit of God. One special sanction of Georges' mission was the fact that "she had received the gift of substitution"—so it was phrased to me—that is to say she was permitted to take upon herself the maladies and sufferings of others. She made expiation by suffering in their place and they were restored to health or relieved of their anxieties. No one who is familiar with Father Schmöger's Life of Anne Catherine Emmerich can fail to recall how large a part this same idea played in the prolonged infirmities of the nun of Dülmen. Indeed this feature meets us constantly in the biographies of mystics who have lived in the repute of sanctity. I must confess, however, that surprising as these details might seem they did not greatly impress me. There was nothing here which could be regarded as serious evidence of any abnormal occurrence. But shortly afterwards I was sent three photographs of the stigmata which showed in the hands, feet and side of Georges Marasco, and I am bound to say that from my own acquaintance with the person who took these photographs, from the verbal description which accompanied them and from the circumstances under which they were obtained, I am satisfied that the photographs have not been faked, that the wounds are real and that they cannot have been self-inflicted.

Does it follow from this that the stigmata are miraculous, that they are a seal impressed by God upon His chosen servant to attest the reality of her mission? I did not think so at the time, and I am even less disposed to think so now after the astonishing disclosures which have been made during the last few weeks, since Bertha Mrazek, alias Georges Marasco, was arrested on a charge, of which the nearest English equivalent seems to be that of obtaining money under false pretences.

Be it said, before going further, that although great prominence is given to the case in the Catholic newspapers of Belgium, it is surprisingly difficult to disentangle in the reports which I have seen, the facts which may be regarded as proved in court by satisfactory evidence, from those vague rumours and insinuations which are no better than newspaper gossip and only reflect the prejudices of the hour. The impression which I get is that an extraordinary animus is at present being shown against Georges Marasco, and that a good many Catholics seem anxious to retrieve the credulity which may perhaps have been exhibited in the past by denouncing the unfortunate girl now as a mercenary and unscrupulous adventuress, preying upon the pious simplicity of her dupes, and above all as a treacherous spy, who during the German occupation was in the pay of the invaders while basely pretending to serve the interests of Belgium, the country of her birth. The possibility of genuine hysterical illusions seems to be left out of account, and the fact that Georges was arrested by the *Sûreté militaire*, discharged for want of evidence against her, and then taken into the Belgian Secret Service, is chiefly referred to as a proof of her extraordinary cleverness in finding influential protectors and in throwing dust in the eyes of the officials. But while making all deductions for exaggeration and prejudice, the story which seems to be fairly well established by outside evidence and admitted in part by the culprit herself is as surprising as anything in fiction.

The circumstances and date of the birth of Bertha Mrazek as already given seem to be quite correct. That she left home at an early age is also true. When I first heard about her from her disciple nearly two years ago, I was told that both parents were disreputable, that they turned her out in her early teens to earn money in the streets, and that rather than procure it in the way they hinted she offered herself to a circus as a *dompteuse* playing a scene in a cage with five lions which she had completely under her control. It was even stated that when sleeping-quarters were provided for her which she considered undesirable, she told the manager that she would prefer to sleep inside the cage with the lions, and did so. How much of this is true I cannot say, but it seems undoubtedly a fact, remembered by many Brussels folk, that she was taken on in the menagerie of Van Been frères, where she appeared in three separate turns, having complete

mastery of the lion "Brutus," which had previously killed a male tamer. She also, at one time, had an engagement to sing at the "Chat Noir" and at the "Minerva" in la Rue Haute. Of course it may be said that this after all is quite compatible with complete innocence of life, but if we may credit one of the newspapers I have seen, Georges has formally admitted in answer to the magistrate's questions that a little girl who lives with her, Irène Adèle Mrazek, now 11 years old, is not her sister, as was given out, but her daughter. The father's identity has not been disclosed, but there is an unpleasant story, the truth of which I can neither affirm nor deny, that an artist broke up his home and forsook his wife in order to live with Bertha, seemingly at some time before the war. On the other hand it is in itself quite possible that a sinner who has led an irregular life may be converted to God, like St. Augustine or St. Margaret of Cortona, and may afterwards be admitted to participate in the strangest supernatural charismata. Unfortunately it seems quite clear that Georges Marasco's conduct, since the alleged miracle of Hal, has been viewed with extreme disfavour by ecclesiastical authority. Her persistence in wearing male attire, her alleged mission and prophecies, and the clientèle which she gathers around her and from whom she collects considerable sums of money, have all very rightly aroused distrust in the minds of the clergy. More than one of the newspapers which I have seen states positively that she has been forbidden to approach the sacraments until she has made submission and complied with certain conditions, and that the French priest who acted as her director has also been prohibited from holding any further communication with her.

But this paper threatens to exceed reasonable limits. Perhaps the further proceedings before the Belgian courts may in the end provide materials for a fuller understanding of the case. But extraordinary as the circumstances are, the evidence at present available seems only to suggest that Georges Marasco, like Palma d'Oria, Magdalena de la Cruz, and many others less well known, is only an hysterical subject whose abnormalities have taken on a religious colouring and that her case is far less the concern of the *juge d'instruction* than of the student of morbid psychology.

HERBERT THURSTON.

THE WIND

I.

ORION stood serenely on his head, his jewelled belt and sword flashing as they only can flash in the sub-tropics south of the line. The Southern Cross (a disappointing constellation) lay low down in the south-eastern sky. Overhead, blazed and twinkled a myriad stars. Under the canopy of black, spangled velvet the wide-stretching world was an immensity of dark stillness. It was an awesome silence that uplifted the soul to its Creator in worship, while crushing it with a proper humility. How small is a human being on the expanse of empty veldt beneath God alone knows what vastnesses of the starry world! Only a shepherd used to night watches on lonely hill-sides could have conceived the psalm: "The heavens tell the glory of God, and the skies proclaim the works of His hands"; or again: "For I will behold Thy heavens, the works of Thy fingers: the moon and stars which Thou hast founded. What is man that Thou art mindful of him? Or the son of man that Thou visitest Him?" Later in history, it was to similar night watchers, on those same hills, that angels appeared to announce the gladdest tidings that ever came to earth; because those shepherds had learned, as David learned, the science of humble worship.

Under the starry dome of God's temple, in the dark silence of the earth which seemed expectant rather than asleep, stood a solitary watcher, realizing his own incomparable insignificance. He awaited, he knew not what, hearing the while his own heart-beats. Then, afar off—how far off in the matter of miles he could not tell—something stirred, set a-quiver the dry foliage of distant blue gums, breathed gently over the veldt like a sigh, breathed and sank into silence. He remembered the prophet of old who heard the voice of God in the "whistling of the gentle air"; not in the rock-splitting hurricane, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire did God speak to Elias, but after these things came the soft-voiced breeze, and God spoke. For there is something holy, something that whispers of the Divine Presence, in this passing breath of the night. Even the very word "spirit" signifies a breath; and the spirit, the soul of man, what is it but the breath of God?

Whence, he who stood alone in the vast loneliness, and heard that passing breath stir softly the distant trees, thought upon the nature of his soul, and analysed its yearnings towards the infinite God Who had breathed into his body the breath of life. That Divine Breather seemed very near. Perhaps this passing breath betokened the creation of another human soul! The breath of life might have passed into the body of a pagan child, who would never know to whom he stood indebted for that soul, owing to the lack of God's priests. Wherefore he prayed "the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into his harvest."

Meanwhile the breeze had come and gone, and in its passing God spoke, with the result that a man prayed.

II.

On a day that was hot and dry, dry with the drought of eight long months, the solitary walked slowly to fulfil his duty. Sickness was rife in the land. Cattle had died in hundreds. They lay as they had fallen from weakness, mere skeletons covered with hide, their muzzles worn and blood-stained from seeking food of the iron-bound earth. The grass of the veldt was withered like old hay; it contained no sustenance. The rivers had ceased to flow; their beds were dusty, with here and there pools of noisome water. The red ground was deeply fissured in places. The dead cattle lay tainting the air, for neither pick nor spade could delve into the hard earth. Witch doctors and their attendants, with grotesquely-whitened limbs, made medicine and performed mystic rites for rain, but no rain came. Dutch farmers rode in from afar, accompanied by their families, in huge trek wagons. Around the Dutch-reformed church they encamped to take part in special services for rain. In all the churches men and women foregathered to pray, in union for once,—for rain. But the rains delayed, and the earth remained parched, weary, and dusty.

And so it was even on the day when the solitary walked, slowly because of the heat, to his duty, and there came what always forebodes rain—the wind. It was in the heat of the early afternoon. The air was still, although usually on that high plateau there was a breeze. As the solitary went on his way, he chanced to look at the flat-topped berg some twenty miles to the west. Arising from the mountain ridge, and ascending high into the deep blue of the sky, he saw a dun-

coloured haze. "He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke," he quoted, standing to watch the phenomenon. The smoky haze deepened rapidly in intensity until it became a thick curtain. The curtain moved forward, was lowered until it veiled the berg from view, and then was quickly swept across the open veldt. As it moved the sound of a subdued murmur grew audible. The sun still shone down in the hot still air.

The solitary, however, knew what was portending. The only available cover was a sad-looking spruce tree. He jammed his helmet down on his head, hastily tightened the chin strap, turned up the collar of his thin coat, and betook himself to the inadequate shelter of the tree trunk. Within a few moments the murmur had increased to the roar of furies unleashed. The dun curtain approached rapidly. Then, all in a moment, a great wind buffeted the tree till it cracked with the sudden strain. Thick, blinding, suffocating clouds of sand roared past, laden with twigs and small pebbles. Although his back was to the wind, he had to fight for breath through his handkerchief. The searching sand stung his face and hands, filled his eyes, ears and nostrils, and penetrated his clothes. So thick was the air, that when he did open his eyes he could only see a few yards. For perhaps three minutes the howling, sandy blast tore by; then, as suddenly as it had swooped down, it had ceased. The sun shone again; the air was cooler. Save for his discomfort the wind might not have been. The curtain of flying sand, reaching from earth to sky, sped on its roaring way.

Thrice within the next fortnight similar sand-storms scoured the earth as if the drought were making a huge elemental struggle against the advancing rains. After the last fierce storm there was a week of hot dusty peace. And then one day at noon thin fleecy cloudlets climbed above the berg. They were the scouts of the long-delayed conquering army of the rain.

III.

Not only in distant, sunny South Africa does the wind breathe low or scream in storm, but everywhere else in the wide world. Everywhere, too, he speaks with many voices: caressing, full of laughter, stern, or sad. Sometimes he opens the floodgates of memories grave and gay, and recalls to the mind the days that were.

Around the house in England where now the solitary lives are many trees: oak, ash, beech and elm, for the country is well wooded; and the green of leaf and grass is wonderful to the eye after the sun-scorched veldt and few tired trees of Africa. These trees of England the wind uses as his voices when he would recall the solitary's voyages.

Sometimes on summer nights he blows through the woods, making the leaves swish like the sound of the waves dashed aside by the steamer's stem. The solitary sees again his tiny ship the centre of a circle of deep blue touched with silver, while above, the arching sky rivals the blue of the ocean. Schools of porpoises leap and dive alongside, or clouds of flying fish, which look to him like little silver aeroplanes, speed away from the oncoming bows. Or under tropic stars he views the glory of the austral milky way, and sees Venus shining so brightly that she leaves a silvery track on the sea. Or, mayhap, a gale is shaking the summer trees, and he sees the ocean madly raging; white capped, giant waves racing by, as the great seas come smashing over the forecastle and thunder in white cascades down on to the forward well-deck, slopping about with the roll of the ship, till at length carried off by the overgorged scuppers.

The late Robert Hugh Benson made happy use of the wind in his play *The Cost of a Crown*. In one scene a heavy wind is blowing. The martyr, John Bost, is talking to an old servitor. Suddenly, he hears in the wind the strains of *Deus Tuorum Militum*. The old servitor hears nothing but "only the wind." "Only the wind, Thomas; only the wind? One of God's ministers, like all the rest," says Bost. Are not all the elements that? The psalmists of old called on them all to bless and praise God. "The spirits of the storms" are called on to praise Him. Heat and cold, sunshine and rain, the mighty, moody ocean, the verdant earth, the starry worlds, and all created things whatsoever, whether animate or inanimate, do they not all unite in one everlasting chorus of praise, like lesser seraphim, in praise and glory of their Creator? Even the howling hurricane causing devastation in its track; the boisterous, good-tempered wind that frolics over land and sea, exploding with mysterious mirth; the gentle breeze caressing the leaves and flowers; are they not "God's ministers like all the rest"?

BONAVENTURE MEAGHER, O.P.

THE MORAL TEACHING OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

THE subject of this paper is the moral doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas. That moral doctrine is chiefly to be found in the Second Part of the *Summa Theologica* of the Angelic Doctor. There he makes use of the philosophic framework provided by Aristotle and gives an ordered and reasoned account of the traditional Christian teaching on morals. It is familiar to all instructed Catholics. Priests study it to prepare themselves to fulfil the duties of their office. Preachers have recourse to it when preparing their sermons. The Catechism which the children learn at school is a brief summary of it.

The attitude of the learned world outside the Church towards the scholastic doctrine of St. Thomas has undergone a notable change during the last few years. The attitude assumed by historians of philosophy during the mid-Victorian era towards Scholasticism was one of supercilious contempt. Nowadays it is quite common to meet with a high appreciation of the acumen, depth and logical consistency of the Scholastics and especially of St. Thomas. As an instance of this changed attitude I may mention the Bampton Lectures of 1916, published in 1920. They were delivered in London and at Oxford by Dr. Philip Wicksteed. The title under which these Lectures were published is—*The Reactions between Dogma and Philosophy illustrated from the Works of St. Thomas Aquinas*. That title is very significant; it tells us how the learned world of to-day regards the problem with which we are dealing. It is studied from the point of view of Comparative Religion and Evolution. It is a question of the evolution of human thought on religion and morals.

It is assumed as scientifically proved that the whole universe is constantly changing. As Heraclitus said, everything is in a state of perpetual flux. There is nothing stable, nothing permanent. Man's nature, his intellect, his will, and therefore his opinions, all share this constant change. Evolution and change are the condition of life. Religion and morals are subject to the same law. Christianity is no ex-

ception to the rule. From the first it began to act upon the religious thought of the period which gave it birth. But the religious thought of the period none the less began to react on Christianity. In consequence, Christianity absorbed various elements belonging to pagan religions, ethnic philosophy and Roman law. Early instances of this reaction are the Stoicism of St. Ambrose, derived from Cicero, and the Neoplatonism of St. Augustine, derived from Plotinus. We have another instance of the same process in St. Thomas, who borrowed so largely and openly from Aristotle.

Before going further let us try to realize how this doctrine of evolution, as commonly understood, affects the science of morals.

It does away with it altogether. If everything that happens is the necessary product of antecedent and necessary causes, there is no such thing as free will or human responsibility. Morality is merely a department of physics, chemistry or biology. Man is part of Nature. You can describe what man does, just as you can describe what animals, or vegetables, or other forces of Nature do. As in physics you describe the actions and reactions of physical forces, in chemistry the combinations of chemical elements, in biology the development of life, so in morals you describe how man acts in different circumstances. To frame rules as to how man *ought* to act in different circumstances is unmeaning. You might just as well frame rules as to how oxygen and hydrogen *ought* to act when they combine to form water.

This is fully realized by many evolutionists. In their hands the science of morals is a merely descriptive or historical science. It describes what men have thought on human conduct; what opinions they have held on particular questions; it cannot say what they *ought* to think, or say, or do.

Another point is that evolution can tell us nothing about the end of human life. All that the evolutionist knows is that everything is in motion. To what goal or end the motion tends he does not and he cannot know. He cannot know and he does not profess to know the end of human life; the whole question of ends, of final causes, is to him chimerical. Efficient causes are to him the only real causes. And yet, if rules as to what men ought to do are to be formulated, we must know the end of human conduct and of human life. If you are to draw a line as a guide to action you must know in what direction to draw it.

Evolution then is not and cannot be a guide to conduct; on the contrary, it abolishes all permanent and authoritative rules of morality. The only rule is for each one to do as he pleases.

An example will help us to realize what I have been saying. The evolutionist holds that monogamous and indissoluble marriage is only one of many ways in which the propagation of the human race has been achieved. He will perhaps go so far as to admit that on the whole monogamous and indissoluble marriage gives the best results. Perhaps it would be wise to encourage it as far as possible. But it has never been universally accepted, and in modern society there are signs that monogamous and indissoluble marriage is giving way in favour of much looser relations between the sexes. This tendency without doubt is part of the evolutionary process. If it is, then, *pace Huxley*, we cannot resist it, because we are part of the cosmic process. That is how evolution affects the practical question of divorce. How can it possibly curb the wild impulses of our lower nature?

The Catholic, taught by the Church and by St. Thomas in her name, looks at the facts from quite a different point of view. He sees and acknowledges that we live in a changing universe, but a changing universe does not explain itself; movement and change postulate an Author who does not change. "As a vesture Thou shalt change them and they shall be changed, but Thou art always the self same and thy years shall not fail."¹

Hence the great fundamental question, which underlies all other questions, as St. Thomas says,² is the question of the existence of God. *Primo, queritur an Deus sit.* First of all we ask is there a God, he says at the beginning of the *Summa Theologica*. This is especially necessary in the science of morals. God is our first Beginning and last End. He cannot possibly be ignored or left out of account in the science of duties. Our duty to Him is the subject-matter of the first and greatest commandment. God is the infinite source of all Being, and He is also infinite Mind: He has a full and comprehensive knowledge of Himself and in Himself of all things that exist or are possible. He is thus infinite and unchanging Truth. He made us, His finite creatures, in His

¹ Ps. ci. 28.

² *Contra Gentiles*, I. ix.

own image and likeness. He gave us the capacity to know the truth, not all truth but as much as is necessary and really useful for us. By our natural reason we can know Him, we can know that He is our Creator, and we can know our duties towards one another as being made by the same God, our common Father. In other words, by the exercise of right reason we can know the fundamental precepts of the moral law which we call the ten commandments. This is the teaching of St. Paul in the Epistle to the Romans (ii. 14). He says that the Gentiles, who had not the positive law of God, nevertheless had its precepts written in their hearts, and that their conscience, or right reason, told them what is right in moral conduct and what is wrong.

However, modern experience is teaching us more clearly every day that reason and conscience are not very reliable guides in conduct. Many men are dull, many more are lazy, most people are occupied with other things, and human passion is apt to warp the judgment. Under these circumstances it is inconceivable that God our Creator has left us to grope after Him to see if perchance we should find Him. He has not done that, He has spoken to us, He has taught us especially through His own Son, Jesus Christ.¹ Jesus Christ knew human nature too well to dream of basing His doctrine on human reason. He did not do that, He based it on Faith. He demanded unquestioning acceptance of and firm belief in His teaching on the authority of God. He came, He said, not to destroy the law but to fulfil it. He called the ten commandments, His commandments. He used and appealed to right reason in developing them, as when He taught that the commandment which forbids murder also forbids anger and quarrelling, which if unchecked lead to murder. He also appealed to right reason and conscience in His pitiless exposure of the unsound casuistry of the Pharisees. But He rested His teaching on the authority of God and on Faith in His word.

There is then one body of truth, resting on the Being and on the Nature of God. Our minds do not make it, they only recognize its existence independent of themselves. We have two ways of attaining to that truth, natural reason and the teaching of Jesus Christ. Both right reason and the teaching of Jesus Christ come from God, they manifest to us the

¹ Heb. i. 1.

same truth, there can be no opposition, no contradiction between Faith and right Reason.

The Fathers of the Church acted upon this teaching. Tertullian, St. Cyprian, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, took what was true in the teaching of the pagan philosophers without scruple. St. Augustine defends the practice, and says that when a Christian teacher does this, he only takes what belongs to him. All truth comes from God; it forms one harmonious whole; one truth is not opposed to another; one truth does not contradict another.

It is an axiom of Catholic theology that Christian teaching contains no new moral precepts except those which have reference to faith and the sacraments. In other words, apart from faith and the sacraments and the new duties imposed by them, Christian moral teaching is merely the teaching of right reason and common sense. St. Thomas taught nothing new, he taught traditional Christian doctrine, he taught the moral doctrine of Jesus Christ. He did this in a form borrowed from Aristotle, but the form did not change the doctrine. He proposed Christian truth in a new way, but what he proposed remained Christian truth. He faithfully adhered to the old maxim—*Non nova sed nove*.

These are the broad and solid foundations on which St. Thomas Aquinas built the moral teaching of the Second Part of his *Summa Theologica*. He found much that was true in the Ethics and Politics of Aristotle; the pagan philosopher's authority was being used against the Church; St. Thomas determined to "baptize Aristotle," *i.e.*, to make him subservient to Christian teaching, and he succeeded admirably. He reared a monument which is not touched by modern science; it remains unshaken and unshakable, because it rests on God and on Jesus Christ.

I will now pick out a few salient points in the teaching of St. Thomas and briefly indicate what he owed to Aristotle and what to Christian teaching. In general, we may say that St. Thomas took the form in which his work is cast from Aristotle, and the inexorable logic with which it is developed. Much of Aristotle's teaching with regard to particular virtues and vices St. Thomas also adopted without scruple, but when Aristotle's virtues and vices are imbedded in the Christian scheme they almost change their nature.

The first task of the moralist is to lay down the funda-

mental principle which should guide human life and conduct. What should be the aim of all deliberate human action?

Modern utilitarians said that our aim should be the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Kant inculcated the observance of the "categorical imperative." Idealists lay down the principle of perfection or self-realization. Aristotle and the ancients taught that the highest good or happiness is the end of human life. St. Thomas goes more to the root of the matter when he asks what is the ultimate end of human life, for, as he says, human actions are a means to the end, and the means derive their moral quality from the end. That is good which conduces to the end, that is bad and wrong which turns us from our end.

Aristotle taught that man's highest good and happiness is not to be found in pleasure, wealth, honours, knowledge or health. It is not to be found even in virtue by itself, but it is to be found in the most perfect activity of the soul according to the most perfect virtue, in a perfect and enduring life. Aristotle limits his consideration to the present life. His ethic is of this world and purely natural.

St. Thomas teaches that man's ultimate end and happiness does not consist in wealth, glory, honour, power, pleasure, or in any created good; it is to be found only in God, in the intuitive vision of God. This, of course, is the teaching of revelation. "We see now," says St. Paul, "through a glass in a dark manner, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know even as I am known."¹ "This," said Our Lord,² "is eternal life, that they may know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." Man's ultimate end, then, according to St. Thomas and Christian teaching, is not to be found in this life, we can only attain to it after death. It is not natural to man; man has no natural capacity of seeing God face to face, of knowing Him as He knows Himself. In order to be able to attain his end, which is supernatural, man must receive a supernatural gift of God, which raises him above the order of created beings and makes him a "partaker of the divine nature." He must be endowed with a new power of vision, and his will must receive new strength. He needs the grace of God for the performing of every action of his life, for thus only can

¹ I Cor. xiii. 12.

² John xvii. 3.

human actions become a proportionate means for the attainment of his supernatural destiny.

We are told that the philosophy of Aristotle reacted on Christian dogma, that Christianity is a synthesis, or syncretism, or a patchwork of Jewish and pagan ideas. Let us test the theory by what has been said.

St. Thomas followed Aristotle in beginning his exposition of Christian morals by laying down man's final destiny, but he denied the doctrine of Aristotle on the point, and accepted the teaching of Christ, who called the vision of God life everlasting. He followed Aristotle in teaching that our ultimate end does not consist in wealth, pleasure, honour, or power. He rejected Aristotle's teaching as to what it does consist in. It consists in nothing created, says St. Thomas, the whole of creation cannot fill the void in the human heart—we were made for God and we know only unrest till we rest in God.

If Christian teaching as seen in St. Thomas is a synthesis or syncretism, it certainly is not a patchwork, an amalgam of different ideas derived from different sources. It is derived from Holy Scripture and the teaching of Jesus Christ.

Aristotle's ethical teaching is natural, that of St. Thomas is supernatural. The distinction cuts deep, says Dr. Wicksteed. It cuts to the very marrow, colours every action of human life, makes the two systems of ethics wholly different, and even opposed to each other.

Aristotle tells us that as human conduct is infinitely varied, there must be a certain vagueness and indefiniteness in moral science. We cannot expect mathematical accuracy, or always demand logical demonstration in the solution of moral problems. Hence young men, whether they be young in years or in character, says Aristotle drily, are not fit for the study of ethics. They have not the experience of life which is required, and they are too much under the sway of passion.

In other words, the science of ethics, as unfolded by Aristotle and other philosophers, is theoretical but hardly practical. At most it may influence a few of the nobler characters who are a law to themselves. The many (*οἱ πόλλοι*) will pursue their pleasures and laugh at the fine-spun theories of the philosophers. Jesus Christ rested His moral teaching on faith. He knew perfectly well that if people want divorce, they can always find plenty of reasons to justify it. And so, He simply said: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." And He demanded unquestioning submission

to His teaching; He taught as one having authority. The sanctions annexed to the violation of His moral code were terrible—"Depart from Me, you cursed, into everlasting fire." Here are other fundamental differences between the ethics of St. Thomas and those of Aristotle. Christian teaching is couched in clear, precise, and definite commandments, easily intelligible to the minds of children, and it is backed by sanctions which appeal to all.

The Christian conception of sin is altogether absent from Aristotle. Moral lapses are departures from the golden mean, to be deplored, and if of the baser sort, to be condemned; they are not offences of an ever present and all holy Creator and Lord.

The pre-eminence of Aristotle as a philosopher did not save him from committing grave mistakes in his moral teaching. He taught, for example, that abortion should be practised when the population threatens to become excessive, and his doctrine concerning slavery is untenable. According to Aristotle the slave is a living instrument, to be used for his master's benefit like any other instrument. He is a chattel, a portion of his master's property, and his master can dispose of him as he pleases. All this is very far removed from the teaching of St. Thomas and Christianity.

Even when St. Thomas follows Aristotle closely, the teaching of the pagan philosopher is entirely changed by being embedded in the Christian system. As an instance of this we may take Aristotle's famous description of the magnanimous or high-minded man. The picture is drawn with great minuteness of detail; Aristotle seems to have dwelt on it with loving care, for it is the crown of his system; the magnanimous man is his ideal of the perfect Athenian gentleman.

The magnanimous man [says Aristotle],¹ is one who being really worthy of great things, holds himself worthy of them. For he who holds himself thus worthy beyond his real deserts is a fool, and no man possessed of any virtue whatsoever can ever be a fool or show want of understanding. He on the other hand who holds himself worthy of less than his merits is little-minded, no matter whether the merits which he thus underrates be great or moderate or small. The merits then of the high-minded man are extreme, but in his conduct he observes the proper mean. For he holds himself worthy of his exalted deserts, while

¹ Ethics iv. 3.

others either over-estimate or under-estimate their merits. And since he is not only worthy of great things, but also holds himself worthy of them—or rather, indeed, of the very greatest things—it follows that there is some one object which ought most especially to occupy him. Now this object is honour, for it is the very greatest of all external goods. But the high-minded man, since his deserts are the highest possible, must be among the best of men; for the better a man is, the higher will be his deserts, and the best man will have the highest deserts. True high-mindedness, therefore, cannot but imply virtue; or rather the criterion of high-mindedness is the conjoint perfection of all the individual virtues. High-mindedness, then, would seem to be the crown as it were of all the virtues; for it not only involves their existence, but it also intensifies their lustre. It is with honour then and with dishonour that the high-minded man is most especially concerned. And where he meets with great honour, and that from upright men, he will take pleasure in it; although his pleasure will not be excessive, inasmuch as he has obtained at the outside only what he merits, if not perhaps less—since adequate honour for perfect virtue cannot be found. He will, however, none the less, receive such honour from upright men, inasmuch as they have no greater reward to offer him. But honour given by the common herd and upon unimportant occasions, he will hold in utter contempt, for it will be no measure of his deserts. Now the high-minded man justly despises his neighbours, for his estimate is always right, but the majority of men despise their fellows upon insufficient grounds. He also loves to confer a favour, but feels shame at receiving one; for the former argues superiority, the latter inferiority. The high-minded, moreover, would seem to bear those in mind to whom they have done kindnesses, but not those from whom they have received them. For he who has received a kindness stands in a position inferior to that of him who has conferred it, whereas the high-minded man desires a position of superiority. And so he hears with pleasure of the favours which he has conferred, but with dislike of those which he has received.

It is obvious that Aristotle's magnanimity is nothing else but inordinate self-esteem and contempt of others. Truth and the teaching of Christ compel us to say that it is not a

virtue at all, but pride, the pinnacle of all vice. St. Thomas converted it into a virtue by making the truly magnanimous man acknowledge that all the gifts which he possesses were given him by God, that he has nothing of his own except sin, that consequently he has no reason to exalt or glorify himself, and that, as St. Paul teaches, instead of despising others, he should esteem them as better than himself. Humility was unknown to Aristotle; it is the test and the foundation of all virtue in the teaching of Christ and St. Thomas.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to show what St. Thomas owed to Aristotle, and whether the philosophy of Aristotle reacted on the moral and Christian teaching of St. Thomas so as to change it. Reaction implies change. When a bullet is discharged against a target it acts on the target, but the target reacts on the bullet, changes and destroys it. The moral teaching of St. Thomas is derived from Holy Scripture, it is that of Jesus Christ. He makes the teaching of Jesus Christ the test of truth. He rejects everything that is opposed to it or that is out of harmony with it. What he adopts from Aristotle harmonizes with it completely, and only makes his exposition of Christian doctrine more orderly, more clear and more full. These being the facts, we cannot rightly talk of the "Reactions of Philosophy on Dogma" as illustrated from the works of St. Thomas Aquinas.

T. SLATER.

FATHER TABB AND THE ROMANTIC TRADITION

ANATION'S literature is made up largely of the adventures of its Tradition. And Tradition in the United States is commonly supposed by both its friends and enemies to have been tossed like some carefully wrapped parcel from the Puritan *Mayflower*. We go over the familiar spiritual history of American life, observing how the Calvinist Jonathan Edwards—who believed in the Devil with considerable gusto—bequeathed Tradition to the emancipated Emerson, who believed fervently in Man. We follow the sacred treasure into a hundred corners, observing strange mystical influences, such as reticence and rigidity. "There you are!" say those who worship reverently; "There you are!" shout those who are inclined to jeer. In our time the debate about the Puritan is actually getting tiresome and his Tradition is a bore.

All the while nobody seems to realize that there has been another great, composite American past:—a legacy of spiritual attitude and experience as well-defined as anything which ever came out of New England. Suppose we were to remember, for instance, all that was done by Catholic and Latin civilization in America: the Jesuits of Louis Quatorze tramping heroically from bayou to wigwam; Spanish cowls bright and soft against the first olive groves of California; Creoles dancing through *Mardi Gras* in Louisiana; the stand made by Lord Baltimore—and the Irish, too, by the way—for freedom. Suppose we grouped with this everything which the Anglican memories of the South have meant: faith and ruffles of a seventeenth century stamp; Sir Philip Sidney come to life again in Robert Lee; and even the flash of sabres in the moonlight that is summoned up by Stuart's name. Let us add, finally, the laughter of Virginians gone exploring: the laughter, at once rougher and more tender than any Bostonian smile, which recalled that there had been antics in our antiquity. All of this belongs together, if for no other reason than its common literature, from Poe to Harris. And so for want of another name I shall call it the Romantic Tradition, thinking that it will finally interest many of us who have

never loved the Puritan, who believe in the American past, and who have some slight concern with bastions for the culture of to-morrow. "There is a feeling of Eternity in youth," says Hazlitt; and he might have added, as well as not, that youth seeks eagerly the playground of dead eternities, even as Danton dreamed of Sparta or Winckelmann of Rome.

Now it may be pleasant to ask if any one man seems the interpreter of this other Tradition in a large coherent way—anyone who echoes its thousand moods, lives by its strength, and makes room in his heart for the things it has reverenced. And I believe such a distinction is no man's or it is Father John Bannister Tabb's. In him the fugitive notes of a myriad scattered songs came to their places as in an octave. Grant that Poe was greater and gave American poetic literature, to date, its pinnacles in "Ulalume" and "The City in the Sea." But Poe is representative only of romanticism, wearing the cloak of Coleridge and Mangan with a new majesty, and scanning the dead face of beauty on which Shelley never dared to look. Grant also that the influence of Father Tabb has been small: the intellectual tragedy of the United States is precisely the limited attention which anyone not in the Puritan movement has been able to get. Poe himself was canonized in Europe. The short stories of Kate Chopin, among other things, have slept for thirty years in their first editions. And the vision of Sidney Lanier has been overborne by the "Vision of Sir Launfal" in Mr. Lowell's rhymed prose. We have reason to wonder, not at the smallness of Father Tabb's kingdom, but at his having any kingdom at all. At any rate, the point here is simply that he voiced a great American mood more fully than was possible with any other writer of his day.

The two fundamental impressive things about Father Tabb's poetry are its agricultural source and patrician character. Like Virgil, he trained his eyes on the broad acres of his domain. Nature is the constant background of his song—a nature courted in regal leisure, the poet's hand stroking the stars as a lover smooths his mistress' golden hair. And yet there is always in him the sure sense of binding this beauty to his pleasure: he reads upon its lips the long expected answer, and finds his own shadow in the mobile eyes. Such has been the constant habit of that age-old English poetry which began with Dan Chaucer, and having passed through the hands of the Elizabethans awoke once again in the songs of Collins and Keats. Something of wonder attended it always—the

gentle marvelling of Spenser at the radiance of his bride, and the wide wandering of Coleridge's fantasy. This poetry has never been hasty or industrial. It has had time to read the tracery of an Attic frieze, or even like great Chaucer, to smirk at the neighbours passing by. The poetry of the Romantic Tradition in America is like a limb from the same tree, though a new and sappy limb. Who is more like Keats than Lanier? Who is the American Shelley, if it be not Poe? Such is the lineage of Father Tabb, not merely by individual choice but first of all by the proud reason of his race.

An agricultural and patrician race, this. The more one comes to know of Father Tabb, the more certain it appears that he could only have been his kind of an American.¹ A dozen characteristics which seem oddities prove upon inspection really representative of the folk to whom he belonged. First there was his independence: not the ordinary "have-my-own-way" kind of temperament, but the sterling isolation of the principled rebel. How firmly Father Tabb held to what was traditional in Southern ideals! Barely sixteen years of age when the Civil War broke out, our fiery young Virginian (he was born and educated on the family estate near Richmond) waited just a year before enlisting in that most venturesome of all semi-military services, blockade-running. Thrills and hair-breadth escapes followed until the *Siren* was captured and John Bannister Tabb sentenced to Bull Pen, at Point Lookout, Maryland. That ended the War for him, excepting in so far as it became memories of privation or disillusionment, or the long despair of a Lost Cause. But he remained intractably a Virginian, for whom fatherland was not empire or even the Republic, but just simply the hills of home. We may shake our heads over such wilfulness, and we may adduce the smooth logic which finds good destiny in the South's defeat. And yet it will be written to the eternal honour of Southern men that they could not have countenanced any point of view excepting their own. They were rebels—we see clearly to-day—precisely because they were agricultural and patrician, keeping their fierce democracy as a king would hold his crown.

In Father Tabb's case, of course, this independence was by no means merely political. It stained every-day life with

¹ Biographical details may be obtained in pleasant abundance from the careful biography by Francis A. Litz, Ph.D., entitled, *Father Tabb: A Study of His Life and Works*, and published by the Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, 1923.

colours much less prim than conformist white. There was, for instance, his power of shrewd satire which cut and stabbed into the dead-level with unerring ability to detect softnesses. His blows fell swiftly and left their mark, so that many contemporaries felt Tabbian phrases "stick fast in the throat like burrs." Sometimes there was a suggestion of Rabelais or, it might be, of such a keen-pointed sword as Pope's. Again, a bad habit of reckless punning calls to mind the lesser Elizabethans. But generally the best flashes in Father Tabb's irony are plain American drollery, and glow with a twinkle peculiar to his side of the Atlantic. Note one instance, often quoted:

Suspended o'er Geometry
I am a fish-worm dangling—
A creature too obtuse to see
What is acute in angling.

Other poets might have managed the brisk word-play; but only Father Tabb could attempt the grotesque homeliness of the comparison upon which these lines are built—the fish-worm, U.S.A. In the same fashion he kept resolutely to the class-room he preferred, where boys studied grammar and learned to love poems. He was a life-long teacher, who turned the methods of education topsy-turvy in order to teach. That in itself would have marked the man for ever. "Gentlemen, did you see the skylark soar? Did you hear him sing?" he is reported to have asked menacingly once when Shelley was being read. And the sole method of corporal punishment was, butting heads! "If only one student was to be punished, then Father Tabb would butt the student's head against his own," says the biographer, who goes on to add very gravely that the poet's class-management "even approached the ludicrous." Approached! It went miles beyond it, indeed. Try to imagine a standardized pedagogue thinking up such a way of getting the personal element into education.¹

But this Rebel, who scourged the commonplace and could *live* in a class-room, was truly a poet, going down the roads of cloud-land and warming his fingers at horizon fires. The fervent intimacy with nature which Father Tabb reveals throughout his works is his very own: it is an art of whistling a way into the woodland, of treating all creatures blithely and

¹ Father Tabb is the only grammarian who has had the sense—and sensibility—to versify his subject.

yet with reverence. But it is not in the least Franciscan. "The Water-Lily," for instance, makes this comparison:

Nay; methinks the maiden moon,
When the daylight came too soon,
Fleeting from her bath to hide,
Left her garment in the tide.

Obviously this is no note of Assisi, and the example is characteristic enough. Where the tone of Father Tabb is predominately reflective, you will almost certainly find a metaphor shaded with peculiar whimsicality. Thus he speaks of the Golden Rod's "lifted staff"; the rain is a truant, "sorry to have gone with the mist that lured him on"; and, to choose a last example, the warblers have "their phonograph, the mocking-bird." Where his tone is chiefly moral—often enough the case—our poet moves not so much from the laws of nature to the law for man, as out of reverie into contemplation. In this mood, "The Sisters" finds an equal blessing for Martha and Mary in the movement of waves and the rest of hills; "Wild Flowers" suggests that the Eucharist is God's dew upon us; and in "Westward," love bears suffering for the beloved as night lifts shadows from the day. Everywhere the metamorphosis of the impression given by nature is effected in the fashion peculiar to the poetic family to which Father Tabb belonged, though with an added smile. In general the verse of the American South has adopted a similar attitude, though in many cases pantheism has befogged the scene, while in others darkness creeps on from the gaunt racial melancholy of negro song. Nature must be wooed into poetry, let us say; but in the caresses of Father Tabb there is always a teasing gesture.

Nevertheless he was utterly simple of heart and sensibly serious. The story of Father Tabb's religious life, which developed out of the Civil War and was moulded by the delicate, far-off fingers of Newman, through the medium of a saintly convert from Anglicanism, Bishop Curtis, need not be told here. That he made a sacrifice of his career by joining the Catholic priesthood and observing its rules, was the natural result of his direct vision and humble thoroughness. But all these things show once again how entirely our poet was bound up with the Tradition: he shouldered his baggage and walked out upon the highway with pilgrim England, quite as a boy might go up a mountain with his father. The melody of the Catholic revival entranced him like a tribal

song. The import of his verse was modified in consequence, and he folded his hands whenever he saw the face of Beauty. What of it? "Science is for those who learn; poetry for those who know," says the Abbé Roux. And if Father Tabb knew anything, it was his faith, which was never shouted or explained but was generously suffered to live in the best he had to say, as in the best he had to do. Priest-poets are rarer in these times than they were when Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventure competed: perhaps education is too rigid and specialized—even, very often, too skimpingly shy of liturgy. Father Tabb was certainly not a poet because he was a priest, although I think that without anointed hands he would hardly have reached his destiny as man or artist. Those hands taught him to hold life solemnly, tenderly, commiseratingly. They brought him strangely into union with a brotherhood of poets he knew practically nothing of—the goodly company of Herbert and Vaughan.

Such, then, is the man: a staunch independent with a rapier sheathed in his thought; a lover of home, knowing the hills and every voice upon them; and a priest of goodly sacrifice, who continues the old quest of his race for prayer and mystical belief. Ever so much more should get into the portrait: his friendship, loyal enough to afford the risk of perennial fun; his strong human bias ("with respect to his poetry he was as vain as any woman could be of her beauty," the biographer confesses); the almost tragic loneliness of his blind old age; and, among literary quiddles, his violent devotion to Keats. But all these lesser things were his alone. The others he shared with his ancestry, in the honest American fashion. Inevitably his poetry is expressive of himself, and so of his people. "We who speak are really not ourselves," says Hermann Bahr . . . "it is the blood of our tribe that speaks through us."

Now as to the utterance of Father Tabb's verse, let us be willing not to find it all upon the surface. He had pride enough to be shy, and sufficient courage to believe his readers willing to knock twice at his door. But there was not a whit of the "highbrow" in his soul. What poetry he made was always purely human, the themes it took were everybody's. His speech, however, is illusive, intuitive, amatory. He loves, but whispers his affection; he knows the charms of beauty but lifts her sacred veil only under the moon; he looks deeply into the eyes of earth and so has scant need of explanations.

A glance, an outcry, sometimes a kiss: thus does our poet woo the Soul of the Universe. Always there is fundamentally only God and man, though they may meet dimly on the "lonely mountain" or in the "school of darkness." How could he have made all this thin and commonplace, or stretched its swift ecstasy into odes? Father Tabb built no mountains; he could only climb them.

Reverent and wild, kneeling loftily, what does his verse resemble so much as a sprig of pine cast into an incense burner? In the spiral of its ascending song there is no exotic odour, even if the fumes are sharp and lingeringly sweet. Our poet keeps the essence of his sacrificial rite, as if he were some hermit seer lost in the Virginian mountains, and dispenses with the graces of festival or the rich concourse of robed assistants. Joy and pain clutch together at the blazing thought, as rain and sunshine are woven into the sandalwood tree. Note the deft mystery of "Childhood," seen as part of life's ending circle:

Old Sorrow I shall meet again,
And Joy, perchance—but never, never,
Happy Childhood, shall we twain
See each other's face forever!
And yet I would not call thee back,
Dear Childhood, lest the sight of me,
Thine old companion, on the rack
Of Age, should sadden even thee.

Thus do numberless little things, spurned so wearily by the restless, become once more the fuel of a song. Like every true poet, Father Tabb saw the magnificence of the microscopic. He did not always succeed at expression; indeed, he often resembles a boy striking matches in the wind. But when he did enkindle radiance, the humblest simplicities of life went climbing towards the sky, for their wedding with the Infinite.

The Infinite! That and nothing else might satisfy the grasp of our poet's heart; but his manner of speech was consummately finite, as all the world knows. Compact little stanzas, quatrains and sonnets were the forms he chose. Much has been said in consequence of Father Tabb's "lapidary quality,"—to what I must confess is my own complete astonishment. What have these lyrics, so tender with smiles and tears, so warm with affection and petition, to do with stones? Even precious stones, delicately engraved, since the

lapidary is a compliment? Surely nobody would attach such an adjective to bird-song, or the laughter of a boy. No. Father Tabb, like all other good men, is lapidary only when asleep. His strict form is the result of quite a different principle which can best be illustrated, possibly, by comparison with two other poets who have much in common with him, even if their spiritual outlook is entirely different.

Francis Jammes, whose first exquisite poems led the critics of his country, France, to suppose him an Englishman and to class him with the Symbolists, has been above all a life-long naturalist. How carefully he has observed every whim and sigh of the Gascon landscape! Breezes flutter in his verse with that gay warmth and comeliness south winds have in the Pyrenean foothills. He is enamoured of the blushing sky, of the deep-hearted earth that bears fruit and blossom. But having learned the moods of Assisi,—the symbols of membership, we may say, in the multiform humble brotherhood which embraces all created things and had words of fondness for the beasts—Jammes came to see also that nature is, from the human point of view, not so much a fountain as a reservoir. The landscape we see has absorbed the energies of our race; and every field is a monument to those who have cultivated it, a monument stretching round about the houses where they have loved, and worshipped, and died. Perhaps the true beauty of earth is at the bottom of a well rather than on the ocean. And so our French poet, catching sight of this paradox, began to write little songs compactly, simply—songs which gather up everything they have to say, as the bees put their honey into cells. Father Tabb could not have written the *Georgiques Chrétiennes*, but he would have understood them.

Again, who among modern English poets has lived closer to basic nature than that most cultivated of all vagrants, A. E. Housman? The "Shropshire Lad" is a pessimist, even a pagan pessimist: his "ship of sunrise, burning," is fated to be dismally wrecked. All beauty means to him, ultimately, pain, though that is ecstatic suffering which makes him stagger like a Bacchante. None the less the utterance has a patrician's royal reserve—the Cæsarian steel of phrasing which strikes the flint of emotion for the swift spark without which verse-making is futile play and the poet a fool. Father Tabb might possibly have felt like winking at the Shropshire Lad and telling him a jocose tale; but their

art is a kinship neither would have denied. Nature, lived with long and closely, hardens and strengthens the tongue, as the vineyard worker's muscles are tempered by his toil. Woodland birds are never parrots, and men who know the hills are not often found on the housetops.

Of such quality is the poetry of John Bannister Tabb. Sometimes too elvish, too obscure, or too badly spotted with wilful phrasing, its unfailing virtues are pure spontaneity and deep reflectiveness. His songs are born indeed, and not made, but they seem to have come into the world with a full cargo of wisdom. How deep the poet's gaze may go might easily be shown from a number of stanzas; we shall content ourselves here with an exquisite example, not nearly so well-known as it ought to be, which he entitled, "At the Year's End":

Night dreams of day, and Winter seems
In sleep to breathe the balm of May.
Their dreams are true anon; but they
The dreamers, then, alas, are dreams.

Thus while our days the dreams renew
Of some forgotten sleeper, we,
The dreamers of futurity,
Shall vanish when our own are true.

The mood is, indeed, as old as the earth. Greek thinkers heard it whispered out of the lore of Asia, and probably old Cheops caught it on the lips of his minstrel what night they stood looking at the new pyramid towering against the stars. But I do not believe any other poet has voiced it in quite this same way, finding the perfect circle which can wed together man and nature in a throbbing thought that lives.

It might be well, in the second place, to draw attention to the simplicity and naturalness of the symbols in which the vision is voiced—winter and May, the sleeper and his dream. A handful of old cords have been drawn taut for this mesh in which an ancient truth shall lie, but the completed handiwork is so fresh and shipshape that even the materials seem enchantingly new. And so let us venture one more comparison which will also be a memory. When Lincoln walked out upon the battlefield and attempted diffidently to outline the purposes for which the grim civil struggle had been fought, he could find only a few spare words and a weather-beaten sentiment. But what men wanted he gave them majestically—not phrases but a living voice which had power to reveal

the highway of the living and the dead, and which could strike the elemental human pitch. Lincoln and Father Tabb are different, but they are also alike in more ways than one. I shall content myself here by recalling that they belonged to the same race, which has had its share in the ancestry of Americans.

Every nation creates its poets. There is no universal elf-land from which singers stray, nor is their cradle upon the mountain of the gods. They come sucking their hunger at the breast of the age-old commonplace and learning speech from their fathers. It is pre-eminently to his people, who kept a certain high tradition in a new land, that Father Tabb belongs. He had the racial strength, reflection and whimsical fantasy. As a man he dedicated his life to the time-honoured idealistic occupations, becoming soldier, priest, teacher and artist. In so far as he was a poet, he proved that he loved beauty, and that he knew life. His irony never slept, even when there was no company but himself; and though he might often burst into tears, he dried them on his handkerchief instead of scattering them over the pavement. The filigree loveliness of nature haunted, but did not seem opaque to him. He counted the stars but his eye shot past them, to the Hand of Love which had stitched the embroidery. All of this is definite enough to mark the individual: and yet he never was, nor cared to be, more than the spokesman of his kin.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

GOOD CHEER AND THE DECAY OF FEUDALISM

THE tradition of hearty eating and drinking runs through the history and literature of this island, in common with other northern lands. Writers as dissimilar as Shakespeare and Dickens testify to it, and it is borne out by various less known history sources. Perhaps we do not sufficiently recognize to what extent this habit aided in the decay of the feudal system, albeit indirectly. The Normans as far as we can judge were not much behind the Anglo-Saxons in their love of the table, but it is not until John's reign that documents concerned with the court assume a really detailed and personal form. From them and similar records relating to the nobility of the kingdom we may form some idea of how, in the later Middle Ages, the expenditure in luxury and liberal hospitality effected the breaking down of the feudal caste system, and we may learn, besides, something of the habits of our remote forefathers.

In England during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, that period of artificial and decadent feudalism which is to engage our attention, love of show and magnificence pervaded society and manifested itself in countless ways. It can be seen in dress, extravagant in kind and cost,¹ the passion for which quickly spread beyond the courts of kings to infect all classes. It may be seen in the civic pageants of those times, like *Fashions*, a subject in itself. It is exhibited, better inspired, in the adornment of churches; in the growing favour of that showiest style of gothic architecture, the Perpendicular; in the painting and gilding, the tapestry and embroidery, the finely-carved woodwork and magnificent stained glass; in the elaborate church ritual. It is expressed vividly in the rites and ceremonies of knighthood in its various stages; in tournaments which, from being a real training in arms had become nothing more than gorgeous entertainments held, like the one at Smithfield in 1390, described

¹ Not only were gowns covered with embroidery, but jewels were sometimes sewn on to them, and portions of them were gilded. To such an extent was this practice carried that Parliament was obliged to forbid anyone under the rank of a baron to gild his clothes, for fear that the supply of gold needed for coinage should run short. (Rot. Parl., vi. 184.)

by Froissart, for diversion and pastime. Indeed feudal warfare itself was often nothing more than chivalric adventure, a series of grand tournaments.

Therefore it is with no surprise that we trace an ever-increasing love of eating and drinking during this period of grandeur. As the thirteenth century wore on, so did luxurious living become more prevalent. More attention was paid to the demands of comfort and less and less to the ideals of military strength. By degrees the fortified castle gave way to the manor house wherein the hall was the most conspicuous room and often of a considerable size. Among the higher classes, household departments were multiplied, and offices such as cook, chamberlain or butler were counted honourable, tended to become hereditary, and were rewarded with a landed provision. The products of many foreign countries contributed to foster the luxurious tastes of English epicures, while serving at table became so elaborate that by the end of the fourteenth century different names were given to the carver according to the kind of meat he dealt with.¹

An indication of the increasing love of good cheer may be seen also in the custom of sending gifts of food to friends, patrons, and even to royalty. To accept such presents, whether from one's equals or inferiors, was not considered at all undignified. Thus, when Margaret of Anjou went to see the Corpus Christi plays at Coventry, the Mayor and Corporation gave her three hundred loaves of fine bread, a pipe of red wine, a dozen capons, a dozen "grete fat pykes" and other delicacies.² The citizens of Norwich sent to the king twenty-four herring pies as part of the fee-farm of the city.³ In reward for its loyalty in capturing the rebel earls of Kent and Salisbury, Henry the Fourth annually bestowed upon the town of Cirencester four does, six bucks and two casks of wine.⁴

Our most various and precise sources of information on this subject consist of collections of receipts, menus of big feasts, hints to servers, ceremonious orders for the table, and lists of materials consumed at particular banquets. Some of the older and more important of these records and rules, as the "Forme of Cury,"⁵ have been collected in "Antiquitates

¹ *Boke of Kervynge*, Wynkyn de Worde ("The Babees Book," ed. Furnival).

² *Coventry Leet Book*, 11,300.

³ *Norwich Records*, 11,208.

⁴ *Pat. Rolls*, 1399, m. 14, Nov. 12th.

⁵ A collection of receipts in Norman-French compiled by the master cooks of "that best and royallest viander of all Christian kings, Richard II."

Culinariæ."¹ It is customary to associate the Englishman of "Merrie England" with roast beef and plum-pudding. But the picture is incorrect. Plum-pudding is comparatively modern, dating in fact from the Restoration period. The "Forme of Cury," however, contains a recipe for what no doubt was its forerunner,—made of raisins, figs, eggs, wine, and bread fried in grease. Roast beef has a longer history; nevertheless it does not appear before Tudor times. Indeed nothing is more certain from a study of the above receipts than the fact that the baron of beef, the haunch of venison, joints and large "pieces" generally did not appear until the sixteenth century was well set in. The cuisine of feudal England consisted chiefly of soups, hashes, and spoon-meats. Joints were usually converted into "mortrews" by cutting them up into pieces, boiling, grinding in a mortar and passing through a strainer.² These reduced pulps were then spiced and, Roman-wise, doctored with a variety of overpowering sauces. Salt, sugar, honey, and perhaps almonds, dates, raisins and grated bread would be added and the whole blended with the yolks of eggs and "tempered" with vinegar, verjuice (juice of sour apples or sour grapes), wine or ale. By such multifarious and incongruous ingredients was diversity of sensation for the palate procured. Capons, chickens, geese, pheasants, partridges, pigeons and smaller birds were often brought whole to the table and there skilfully and artistically carved; but more frequently these too were served up in pies, hashes and stews. The only large piece, and that not a "pièce de résistance" in the strict sense, was cold boar's head. This was a piece of meat that could be conveniently handled in thick, wedge-like slices by eaters unprovided with forks. "When they did not satisfy their hunger with pottages and bread," writes A. C. Jeaffreson,³ "our mediæval ancestors usually found their more substantial nutriment in hashes, hotch-potches, fine minces, pies, and viands pounded with the pestle and mortar to a pulp."

Among mediæval pies there appeared very frequently "umbles" or "numbles"—the name is variously spelt—consisting of the abdominal viscera of sheep, swine and oxen. The "Forme of Cury" gives directions how "to make noum-

¹ Rev. R. Warner, 1791.

² "Hew hom (them) smalle and grinde hom well" is an injunction constantly recurring in the poetic *Liber Cura Co-corum*.

³ *Book about the Table, "Mediæval Menus."*

bles for Lent" out of the "chopt paunches of pykes, of congere, and of grete cod lyng." In Plantagenet days "umbles" were considered a very dainty fare, but by the sixteenth century they had passed out of favour and were disdained as meat fit only for servants. Disobedience among children of Tudor families was frequently punished by making the refractory member sit for a meal or a period of meals with the dependents "eating humble pie" at the lower end of the board.

Since fast days were numerous a good deal of fish was eaten, but the monotony was relieved by the many kinds of fish available and the ingenious treatment of them. Some of their fish we do not in our times consider edible, yet choice "vianders" of the fourteenth century paid epicurean prices for delicious morsels of the whale, porpoise, grampus and sea-wolf. In the British Museum there is a mediæval manuscript for the making "puddyng of porpoise," a dish served at royal tables as late as Henry VIII. At the funeral feast of Nicholas Bubwith, Bishop of Bath and Wells, no less than eighteen different kinds of fish are mentioned.¹

A better example than this, as giving an idea of the variety of diet on meatless days, is to be read in the Account Rolls for the year 1295. I quote from Miss Bateson.² At an Archbishop's enthronement feast in this year there were served up:

300 ling, 600 cod, 7 barrels of salt salmon at 28 shillings a barrel, 40 fresh salmon at 7 shillings each, 14 barrels of white herring, 20 "cades"³ of red herring, 5 barrels of salt sturgeon, 2 of salt eels, 600 fresh eels, 8,000 whelk, 100 pike, 400 tench, 100 carp, 800 bream, 2 barrels of salt lamprey, 80 large fresh lampreys (mostly bred in the Severn), 1,400 small lampreys, 124 salt conger, 200 large roach; there are thrown in besides seals and porpoise and "polpyns." There was olive-oil, honey, mustard, vinegar, verjuice, £33 worth of comfits and spices, bread, wafers, and wines, with London, Canterbury and English beer in proportion. The London cook's wages, hired for the occasion, were £23, the rewards of heralds of arms, trumpeters, and "mimes" £20; painting the throne and making "sub-

¹ *A Noble Boke of Cookery*, p. 61, 2; ed. Mrs. A. Napier.

² *Mediæval England*.

³ The cade held six "long" hundreds, of six score each.

tleties," £16. The cost may be multiplied some twenty-fold to get an idea of modern values.¹

As Miss Bateson goes on to show, such extravagance was by no means rare nor, as we should expect, confined only to the spiritual peers.

Mediæval banquets were very lengthy and were celebrated with the greatest pomp and ceremony. Nominally there were three courses, but a course often consisted of eleven or twelve dishes. Before the feast, heralded by a trumpet, servants or pages entered with basins, ewers and napkins, and the guests washed their hands. The tables were already spread with fine tablecloths and covered with a profusion of richly-ornamented plate consisting of salt-cellars, drinking-cups, spoons, knives, but no forks. After grace had been said the servants of the kitchen, headed by the steward with his rod of office, brought the dishes to the table in formal procession.²

What Miss Bateson calls "Subtleties" were brought in between the courses of the feast. These consisted of devices made in sugar, pastry and jelly. Their designs were often elaborate and contained appropriate allusions to current social or political events. At the Coronation feast of Queen Katherine, whose marriage with Henry V. was expected to end the French war, one of the devices consisted of "dyuerse fygures of aungellys, amone the which was set an image of Seynt Katheryne holdyng this reson, 'Il est escrit, pur voir et dit, per mariage pur cest guerre ne dure.'"³ Some of the "subtleties" would, to describe, shock the modern mind as profane, sometimes coarse; but we may be sure that no harm was intended by them and no offence taken.

Many kinds of wine were drunk. Russel, the usher of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, enumerates no less than fifteen "swete wynes" in his *Boke of Nurture*, and more might be added from other sources. They had in addition "pigments"—wines mixed with honey and spices. One of the most popular of these pigments was "hipocras";⁴ this

¹ Ch. xiv. *Baronial Households*.

² The menu for the bridal feast of Henry IV. and the coronation feast of Henry VI. may read in Trail, *Social England*, Vol. II. vii. Cf. "Mediæval Menus" (*Book about the Table*).

³ *Two XV. Century Cookery Books*, p. 68; E.E.T.S. Old Ser. 91, ed. Austin.

⁴ The following is the simplest among the recipes for making this liqueur:—
"Take 1 oz. cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. grains of Paradise, long pepper [a narcotic plant] *quantum suff.*, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar. Put all these ingredients into a woollen bag, and strain through them 1 quart of wine."

was served at the end of dessert, just before the company broke up.

The most impressive ceremonies at all functions, processions and banqueting naturally centred round the person of the king. Ordinances of the Royal Household are still extant and enable us to see what life at court was like.

Though it varied a little in the course of the period, the composition of the Royal Household was always large, and its expenses, especially under Edward II. and Richard II. were a constant source of irritation to the nation. Year after year commissions were appointed in Parliament to make the reforms needed. It was the Royal Household that first received attention from the Ordinances of 1311;¹ and in 1315 Edward II. was put on an allowance of £10 a day.² Richard II., according to popular rumour, entertained no less than 10,000 guests daily; and, though this number is considered incredibly high by the best historians, the evil of court extravagance was none the less exceedingly great.

The households of great nobles were managed on an equally lavish scale. Such a household was that of Edward, Duke of Buckingham, at the end of the fifteenth century, probably the wealthiest peer of the realm. At his table in the great hall of Thornbury upwards of two hundred guests shared his breakfast and his dinner.³

In the hall of Lord Berkeley, three hundred persons were fed, and each day two quarters of wheat were expended in the bakehouse for bread and pastry. In addition to their daily wages, his knights, esquires, and men-at-arms were fed by Lord Berkeley and clothed by him all in cloth, furred as befitted their rank, some with miniver "of the best," others with miniver of smaller price, whilst other attendants had their rank denoted by the rabbit's fur, the lamb's wool, or budge, which trimmed their liveries.⁴

When the celebrated Kingmaker, Richard, Earl of Warwick, journeyed to London, he was sometimes accompanied by so large a body of friends and retainers that six oxen were daily slaughtered to supply his breakfast table.⁵

¹ The Ordainers were empowered "ordener l'estat de nostre hostel et de nostre realme."

² M. Malmes, p. 156.

³ *Archæologia*, Vol. XXV. p. 311.

⁴ Smith's *Lives of the Berkeleys*, p. 188, etc.

⁵ Holinshed's *Chron.*, 1471, p. 678.

The connection of this extravagance with the dissolution of the feudal system now becomes apparent. Such liberality and profusion reduced very many men of high standing to the necessity either of borrowing money or of marrying into families of that prosperous middle class which, after the Black Death, began gradually to arise to importance in the State.

This glimpse of the convivial habits of our ancestors, more excusable in times when education was backward, and higher forms of recreation inaccessible to all but a few, teaches us an historical lesson, yet unlearned by many of modern historians, viz., the unbroken continuity of social customs. From the beginning of time, food, man's common necessity, has been the sign of fellowship. We cannot dine with our forefathers, but we can watch them dining, we can examine how much and how well they ate, and in so doing we can get to know them as they were—living, real men, not dead bones galvanized for a moment by the specialist-historian. These men didn't know that their love of good cheer was undermining their privileged position, but the probability is that if they had known they would not have changed their habits. Feudalism was doomed when serfdom was abolished and commerce began to spread.

N. DOYLE.

EAST IS EAST

ALICIA'S friends told each other that it was her father's crash in Chinese cotton which drove her into a Tunisian harem. Her mother told them that it was her mission to emancipate the women of the Orient. Alicia told herself it was Ned Briscoe's desertion of a penniless girl. At the other end, it was Prince Ali Atba who told his doctor he wanted an English governess to modernize the minds and abate the quarrels of his young wives, Leilah and Lifrani.

Thus did differing emotions bring Alicia Horwood from Girton to Goletta, where we now find her, with shining eyes and flushed face, eagerly assimilating her first impressions of Africa, as Muhammad the Janisary, lordly and gorgeous, directed the transference of her luggage and herself from the steamer to the Palace motor on the Quay.

Soon she was moving in a kaleidoscope of colour, the one Western figure in an Eastern crowd hurrying in the apricot light of dawn towards the flat-roofed city of Tunis, which looked at a distance so shining and spotless as to justify its title of the "Prophet's Bourrous." Was it possible she had left Manchester, murkiness and mud, imperfectly thawed, but three days ago? She bumped in the big motor over rough cobbles, like a pea in an empty pod, Muhammad shouting for way imperiously as though she were a Princess. After all, she *was* in a Prince's carriage!

In quick succession they passed from the dazzling sunlight refracted from whitewashed walls to the vaulted gloom of canopied colonnades, past nail-studded doors guarding the mystery of shuttered and latticed fortress-houses, then out of the city and the shadow, by a shallow salt lake and the cultivated plain of Carthage, irrigated from the creaking wheels of wells. A Bedouin camp of barbaric women and savage dogs was passed in a flash, and a great house discerned among the silver sheen of olives, gold-flecked orange-trees and stretches of flowering oxalis, on either side an avenue of sombre cypresses and soaring palms.

If Alicia had felt small in the princely motor, she felt herself infinitely smaller in the marble hall of the Palace, as lofty as it was long, with richly-tiled walls, bare of pictures,

but repeating a thousand-fold in flowing Arab hieroglyphics the grandiose titles of Allah.

At Muhammad's summons, a richly-dressed Negro boy named Bel Kassim led Alicia through a cloister-like passage to what she perceived to be a bedroom—as habitually used for receptions in modern Tunis as in the France of *le Roi Soleil*.

The bed of this Tunisian beauty was indeed on the Versailles model. Silks of brightest butter colour draped the walls, and the softest and most exquisite carpets of Kairwan rendered most other furniture superfluous.

Worthy of this setting, thought Alicia, was the Lady Leilah. She was of the beautiful Circassian type in colouring, figure and small, even, white teeth. But she had reddened her pretty, tapering fingers with henna, and a tiny foot, escaping from a jewelled, heelless slipper, showed childish toes likewise treated. Her great, dark eyes, alternately reflecting melancholy and mirth, were enlarged with tracings of kohl. Under her parted and transparent over-wrap could be seen a blouse and loose trousers of white silk united by a sparkling cincture, and from beneath her headkerchief, crowned by a peaked and jewelled turban, escaped raven curls, fine and glossy as spun silk.

Leilah fixed her eyes on Alicia, and, smiling charmingly like a pleased child, said in orientalized French:

"On thee is no evil! Thou wilt teach us all the learning of the West, is it not so? And condescend to be indulgent and play with us also? But it is a marvel that thou hast no husband. For I am a true prophetess, and no liar, like Lifrani, who swore that all English women had big, sticking-out teeth and toes, colourless hair and eyes, and faces covered with sun-spots." She laughed, and a cuckoo clock cooed in unison.

Alicia's reply to this astonishing flow of greeting was mostly smiles. Whenever she opened her mouth to say anything, Leilah began again, or one of the numerous cuckoo clocks round the walls opened its little doors and proclaimed a totally erroneous hour in a voice absurdly like Leilah's. It was plain that the worst clocks in Europe had found an asylum here and had gone quite mad, and, except for the muezin's call to prayer, no one took any notice of time in the abstract.

While they were drinking Turkish coffee (heated in the

bowls of pipes over charcoal) the Prince craved the honour of an introduction to the Wise One. Bells were set ringing in the garden in order that male gardeners might retire and enable the Lady Leilah to accompany her guest unveiled to the arbour where the Prince awaited them.

Prince Ali Atba was a distinguished looking man in early middle age, with close-clipped, black moustache in the European fashion, as also were his clothes, save for Arab slippers and a fez, which he raised in Western style, showing quite an intellectual forehead. He talked perfect French, and seemed thoroughly acquainted with the Western world. He had charming manners and a pleasant voice, and was obviously pleased with Alicia. He conversed with her on a number of topics, and each was convinced that the other knew a great deal more than was the case.

"Rest assured," he said at parting, "that you will be under my protection and free to observe your customs and your religion. I am confident that you will respect ours. Your Christian priests known as the White Fathers are near and friendly neighbours of ours. You cannot help seeing their Cathedral on the hill there for miles around. They dress like our own people, and know much more about us than some others who presume to teach us. It is they who are bringing to light city beneath city where Carthage stood, while others of them doctor the sick."

Thereafter, whenever Alicia felt lonely and frightened at her temerity in penetrating as it were to the very heart of the Moslem East, she would turn her eyes to the bold Byzantine Cathedral of St. Louis standing valorously on the very citadel of ancient Carthage. It was not long before she drove there for Mass, escorted by Muhammad the Janisary, in whose eyes, she found, Christians were infinitely preferable to the Jews, who here in Tunis have been settled from the most ancient times and have remained completely Oriental, and in some cases agricultural. It was to Muhammad that Alicia owed her first introduction to the Père André. He was a genial, black-bearded Frenchman, full of vivacity, humour and sound common sense, a qualified doctor of medicine, and a great archaeologist and classical scholar. He spoke highly of the character of Prince Ali, but put Alicia on her guard against many difficulties and possible dangers she might encounter. "You may need all your English courage and Catholic wisdom combined before many months are out,"

he said gravely, and then, not wishing to startle her, turned the subject off to his favourite theme of St. Augustine and his early activities in the wonderful civilized life of fourth-century Carthage.

But for a clue to Père André's caution we must go back to Alicia's earliest experiences in the Harem. It was not long before she could put her finger on the cause of the jealousies and intrigues with which the Palace seethed. If these could be said to crystallize in anything so dark, they did so in the person of the next member of the Harem who made Alicia's acquaintance. She advanced smiling with a breadth and effect only possible to a Negress, and said something deferentially in Arabic to Leilah, who commented to Alicia in French.

"It is Rahba: a beast of burden once on the banks of the Nile, shipped to Turkey, thence to service here. She has risen to honour, for she has borne a son to the Prince, his only one living, and she is for the nonce an ally of my colleague in marriage—Lifrani—against me! Word must have reached them that the Prince admires thy learning, for they request the honour of thy company, and it behoves thee to go. You are my friend, but you must not be their enemy."

Lifrani lay coiled on a couch, lissom in the sunlight like a golden snake or a sleeping leopard, and vouchsafed Alicia a smile of welcome.

"You cover your charms," she remarked, "but I see none the less that Leilah was right, and that thy body has not been starved to feed thy brains. But why, with such beauty, come to teach stupid girls, and how, in Allah's name, did you get here by land and sea alone? I should die of shame to travel in clothes revealing the shape of my waist and leaving my face as bare as a Berber's. My mother would have beaten me black and blue for it, and yours sent you! Why did she not rather procure thee a husband? When I was scarce sixteen. . . ."

Alicia interposed that at that age and often long after it European girls thought of learning rather than of love.

"Ah, your wise women!" laughed Lifrani scornfully. "Our proverb says, 'The beauty of a man lies in his intelligence; the intelligence of a woman is to be found in her beauty.' But none the less I must attend thy discourses so that when beauty fades I may yet retain something of power."

In her first class Alicia discovered that that was the atti-

tude of everyone towards the New Learning. The cushioned floor was bright with lolling ladies and many more attendants, whose function it was to fan their heated brows lest much learning should fever their brains. Alicia discovered in them a general tendency to look on facts as fairy tales and fairy tales as facts, and most of the knowledge of the West which they displayed was a pretty wide acquaintance with French novels, which they had somehow orientalized so that they sounded like an undignified copy of the Arabian Nights.

To celebrate what was considered the success of the Harem's Hypatia, a banquet was given in Alicia's honour. Her efforts to sit cross-legged like the others provided the preliminary entertainment, which was maintained at a high level of mutual hilarity by her handling of coloured rice without a knife and fork, and the impression made on her by camel's hump served in an oily salad of garlic, spice, oranges, dates and thistles.

After the banquet came the entertainment of the Sand Seer. She was a wrinkled witch of great repute, and at once claimed the attention of the harem's guest, having made magic triangles and cabalistic signs on her tray of sand. Then she crooned in Arabic a soothsaying song which was excitedly translated by Leilah, and may be rendered as follows:

The man thou lovest seeks for thee
 Over leagues of land and sea,
 A queen in his South land to be,
 Where winter is warm and women are free.
 His waters bring fertility:
 Keeper of the floods is he.

Alicia was startled out of herself by this accurate, if poetical, description of Ned Briscoe's Australian irrigation work, and broke the spell before the old woman had finished by asking impulsively how she could know that the first part of her saga was equally true; for Ned (she reflected sadly) had shown no signs at all of running after her, literally or metaphorically, when she was prepared to leave England. However, nothing could be extracted from the sulky sorceress, but her pronouncement seemed to turn the tide of Alicia's preliminary good luck in the harem, so that whatever she said or did seemed to be wrong by its standards.

She gave a tea party in her apartment to Leilah and Lifrani, and asked Rahba to bring her little son, Osman, too. Despite his tender years, this solemn little half-caste

had much more intelligence than his mother, and a great share of the dignity of his father, on whose account, as well as on that of his superior sex, he took much higher rank in the harem than Rahba herself. Everyone cherished him as heir-apparent, and over his djibbah he wore a string of charms against afrits and the evil eye.

But when Alicia praised the little boy, consternation was written on every face, and the ladies began to call him ugly and with naught to commend him. Rahba, who had only guessed the meaning of her French, looked suspicious and angry. Too late, Alicia was told that to praise Arab children was to attract the attention to them of afrits or malevolent djinns.

To make amends, she took Osman protectingly on her lap, and, not knowing anything of his language but the Arabic for the first few numerals, counted them on his little fingers so that he might play at being at school. But when she pronounced the Arabic word which means five, Rahba snatched him angrily from her, and everyone else looked thoroughly alarmed.

"Oh, what have I said now?" she pleaded.

"The most unlucky word that can be pronounced," answered Lifrani. "We always say in its place 'the figure of your hand,' that sign being most fortunate, on account of Fatma, the blessed Prophet's daughter."

Alicia apologized humbly, and consoled the child with sweet English biscuits, which he appreciated so much that she feared that in offering them she might indeed have brought him bad fortune. He smacked his lips resoundingly, rubbed his stomach and hiccupped loudly. Alicia mentally blamed his mother for his appalling manners, but the other ladies called her attention to his perfect behaviour.

"See," they exclaimed, "he remembers how a well-nurtured Arab child should thank his hostess for her good cheer." Rhaba, however, made Alicia no compliment, and Osman's exquisite appreciation of her hospitality angered his mother, who was evidently torn between fear and jealousy, inspired by the boy's capricious affection for "the Christian witch."

As a concession to Alicia's tenacity of Western customs, it was considered but fair that she should be kept supplied with European tinned foods from foreign grocery stores. A tin of salmon was presented as a rare luxury, and Osman

watched with interest the ceremony of its opening, remarking on it a picture of the sea and a great fish. Alicia took none, and it was removed, still in the tin. Osman went to look at it in the larder each day, still confined, like the Djinn to his bottle by Solomon's seal. At length, greedy and curious, he could contain himself no longer, and sampled the too long exposed salmon extensively. Shortly afterwards he was seized with violent pains.

Instead of putting his illness down to ptomaine poisoning, Rhaba and the whole harem ascribed it to the evil which had been cast upon him by Alicia. His room was crowded with wailing women, making the poor child much worse with fantastic old remedies against enchantment. But Père André, who was the doctor fetched by the Prince, made short work of the women and their disgusting nostrums, and pronounced a qualified European hospital nurse to be essential. The Prince was agonized. Alicia stepped into the breach with her proofs of former nursing experience, and was accepted thankfully by the two anxious men, battling for the child's life. Osman liked her, and she hoped by saving him to win back the affection of the fickle women of the harem. But Leilah, her only remaining friend amongst them, said:

"Have a care! That tigress Rahba will do thee some harm if thou takest her sick cub!"

Sure enough, Rahba had to be dragged away by main force, screaming and cursing, when Alicia was installed as sole nurse.

The weighted hours ticked heavily by as the tired girl watched and tended the child assiduously. Then she noticed in him a change for the better. The doctor called it the turning point. The Prince overwhelmed her with thanks. Père André, more practical, said:

"You look badly in need of a glass of wine, and then a long sleep, Miss Horwood. You can sleep now, for, thanks to your care, the child is out of danger."

The wine was sent for, and after a little delay was brought to the door by the boy Bel Kassim. As the doctor took his leave, the Prince poured out a glass of the famous golden vintage of Carthage, and held it, glowing like pure flame, towards Alicia. The flash of it caught Osman's eye, and he held out his hands for it eagerly.

Alicia said: "Highness, your son is a good Moslem; but we have broken your law against alcohol already in pursuance

of the still more imperative law of life. May he have the wine he covets? It will act on his heart and give him the long sleep the doctor thinks I need."

"By all means," assented the Prince.

Osman put his lips to the glass, and, drinking it all, sank back with a sigh.

Bel Kassim took out the empty glass to get a clean one for Alicia, and met Rahba, hanging about in the passage outside.

"Hath the Wise One drunk of her Christian wine?" she asked, smiling, as she eyed the glass.

"Ah! Rahba! Good news for thee!"

"How? She has drunk it?"

"She? No. Thy son is recovering, and she gave him the first glass to make him sleep. Give thanks to Allah!"

"Osman hath drunk that poison! O Allah Most Merciful! Woe is me, for I have killed my son! That witch knows all things. She gave him what I had meant for her!"

And the distraught Negress burst into the sick-room, shouting: "The wine was poisoned! My son! My son! He is dead even now, or insensible—an empty house for a demon to take possession of."

"Thou art the demon!" gasped the Prince, white with fear and anger, as he bent over his little son, and saw that what he and Alicia had taken for the beginning of a long sleep was the long sleep of death.

Rahba was carried out by two eunuchs, and Alicia found it in her heart to pity her, for Moslem family law is stern, and the judge was the boy's father.

The harem buzzed like a hive of excited bees, and crowded together to raise the death howl.

Only Leilah dared approach the scene of the tragedy. She said to Alicia:

"The crowd there is so dense that a locust falling on it could not reach the earth. So I have come with difficulty, because I am your friend, to say that a handsome stranger of thy race stands without in the *selamik*, demanding thee imperiously, like a prince. His hair is of the colour of thine English conserve of oranges. I watched him through the grille. Perchance it is he of whom the Sand Seer spoke. If so, follow the custom of thy race, and follow him also, O my sister. Allah hath spared thy life in this house of death. My heart bleeds, but you should go. For your customs are not our customs, nor your ways our ways."

It was indeed Ned Briscoe waiting for her. They had missed each other's letters as she was preparing to leave for Tunis and he for Australia. When Ned got Alicia's news of her father's misfortune and her new rôle as a harem governess she had already left; so he made haste to land in Tunis but a few days after her. But she told him how much had happened in those few days.

"That justifies my fear for you, poor little lonely girl," he said. "But *I'm* going to take care of you now. That friend of yours is right: East is East and West is West. Come and be my queen in the free South. You won't have such a palace in Australia, but it will be yours alone, and you mine."

"We had better go and have a talk to Père André," she said demurely. "That good man has many useful sides to him!"

So together they went, man and maid, through that strangely scriptural landscape of ploughing oxen, camels, pack asses emerging from underground stables like that of Bethlehem, adjoining primitive inns and threshing floors where the chaff was driven by manual labour before the wind, and wells to which pitchers were carried by many a graceful Rebecca.

But though everything spoke to them of the past, the thoughts of Alicia and her lover were concentrated on the future, till they came to the Catholic church, the custodian of both. As they passed into its cool shades they were lost to the very sight of the ruins without, speaking of ages of splendid but sordid slavery, of departed glory, entangled, like Solomon's, in the spirit of bondage. They felt themselves to be the children of the Free Woman, as they listened to the priests singing of Him Who led captivity captive and gave gifts to men, "that the Lord God might dwell among them." Such a gift—Christian marriage—they stayed to claim.

ALEX JOHNSTON.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

ST. AUGUSTINE, THE POPE, AND THE "CHURCH TIMES."

THE *Church Times*, in its issue of October 24th, reviewed Mgr. Batiffol's well-known book *Le Catholicisme de Saint Augustine*, which appeared four years ago. The writer vigorously contests Mgr. Batiffol's conclusions, and in doing so he is perfectly within his rights. But he cannot blame Catholics if they quarrel a little with his methods. They are unfortunately methods to which we are well accustomed. Bright and Denney and Puller have made them familiar. The plan is to forget for the time being that there was ever such a thing in Christian Theology as a theory of Development. Then the "modern Roman theologians" are challenged to show their infallible Pope, tiara and all, in the pages of Scripture and the Fathers. Of course they cannot meet the challenge, no more than a man could, to show an oak tree in an acorn. But what would become of the doctrine of the Real Presence and other equally sacred articles of the Anglo-Catholic creed if subjected to a like treatment? The writer of this review asks more than once whether a "modern Roman theologian" would dream of using the language about the Papacy which St. Augustine uses. We might ask whether the *Church Times* would dream of using St. Augustine's language about the Real Presence. This type of criticism is not respectable. But apparently any old stick will do to beat Rome with. The reviewer's first positive argument (he has two) against Mgr. Batiffol's conclusions is taken, curiously enough, from a passage which that distinguished scholar quotes in favour of them. St. Augustine says that Cecilian, the Catholic Bishop of Carthage, was warranted in ignoring the Donatist decision against him "because he saw himself united . . . both to the Roman Church in which the supremacy of an Apostolic chair has always flourished and to all other lands from which Africa itself received the Gospel" (Ep. xliii. 7). The *Church Times* writer contends that St. Augustine would never have added the reference to "all other lands," if in his opinion the Roman See possessed any exclusive authority. "Modern Roman theologians would not dream of using such language"! Perhaps not, but then modern Roman theologians are not living in the fifth century, surrounded by angry and powerful schismatics, who had set up an anti-Pope in Rome itself and claimed that he was the rightful occupant of the See of St. Peter. If they were

living under such conditions they might very well point, as St. Augustine does, to the world-wide Catholic unity in which they shared, and contrast it with the contemptible localism and isolation of schism. When trying to convince somebody it is mere common sense to use the arguments which suit his case and give least offence to his prejudices, though these arguments may, by no means, be the ones that appeal to your own mind as most conclusive. Limits of space forbid any further discussion of this point, but we cannot leave it without registering a protest against the writer's cavalier treatment of St. Augustine's words, *In qua semper Apostolicae Cathedrae viguit principatus*. Augustine, as the writer points out, inherited the African Church tradition. If so, he must have meant by *Apostolica Cathedra* what St. Cyprian and St. Optatus meant—something very singular and exclusive indeed (*cf. de Schismate Donatistarum* II. 2. Migne P.L. XI. col. 946). His second proof that St. Augustine, though a Catholic, was not a Roman Catholic, is taken from the same 43rd letter. The case of Bishop Cecilian had been judged by a commission at Rome. If the Donatists were not satisfied with the Papal decision, why, says the holy Doctor, did they not appeal against it to a plenary Council of the Universal Church? (Ep. xlivi. 19). In the opinion of the reviewer, St. Augustine here shows that he does not believe in the finality of Papal decisions. A General Council is superior to the Pope. Now in all this there is one vital point to which the reviewer does not even allude. The decision of Pope Melchiades was not on a matter of faith or morals at all, but on a plain matter of fact. Certain definite accusations had been lodged against Cecilian. The Pope and his councillors were asked to investigate and see if they were true. They found that they were not, and the Holy See gave judgment accordingly. The whole proceedings were exactly like the proceedings of a Roman Congregation at the present day, *e.g.*, in marriage cases. No "modern Roman writer" ever said that judgments in such cases were irreversible. It is all a matter of evidence. The reviewer says he cannot remember any modern parallels to the passage from St. Augustine. That is likely enough. Fifteen hundred years have settled quite a number of points of jurisdiction and discipline.

These are the only positive arguments which he brings against Mgr. Batiffol's thesis. In the rest of the review he endeavours, by a skilful manipulation of the loud and soft pedals of controversy, to weaken the force of St. Augustine's witness to the prerogatives of the Roman See. The famous *Causa finita est* means only that the letters of Pope Innocent were a co-ordinate element with the decisions of the two African Councils, in the condemnation of Pelagianism. The old Jesuit writer Alticozzi

answered the reviewer's argument ages ago,¹ and Dom Chapman in modern times has dealt faithfully with it in the *Dublin Review*.² The writer in the *Church Times* argues as if *Causa finita est* was just an isolated passage on which "Roman writers" have seized because there was little else for them to seize. But what about that other passage where St. Augustine, dealing again with the same subject, speaks of "the letters of Pope Innocent, of blessed memory, by which all doubt about this matter was removed"?³ And what about his reception of Pope Innocent's famous rescript, a rescript which, as someone has said, "contains the teaching of the Vatican Council entire"? Did Augustine repudiate Innocent's "swelling words" and "apocryphal history," as Dr. Bright indignantly called them? Far from it. In a letter to St. Paulinus of Nola he says: "We also wrote to Pope Innocent, of blessed memory, a private letter, besides the relations of the Councils, wherein we described the case at greater length. To all of these he answered in the manner which was the right and the duty of the Bishop of the Apostolic See."⁴ Would the *Church Times* adopt these sentiments if St. Innocent's successor, Pius XI., were to address a similar letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury? As it is impossible to pursue the matter further in this place, we may confidently refer anyone who wishes to know St. Augustine's mind about papal authority, first of all to Mgr. Batiffol's book to which the *Church Times* reviewer does considerably less than justice, and secondly, to Dom Chapman's two articles entitled *The Holy See and Pelagianism*.⁵ Catholics have never pretended that they could find in St. Augustine a full-dress *Tractatus de Romano Pontifice*. The great Doctor's utterance is sometimes halting and sometimes vague, and that is perfectly natural, as, though he had the tradition of the Church, he had no formal definitions nor even a developed theological system to guide him. But surely it is legitimate to interpret his ambiguous statements by others whose meaning is perfectly clear. Our contention is simply that modern Catholic doctrine on Papal authority is the logical development of St. Augustine's principles. That contention is supported by many distinguished non-Catholic scholars, Neander J. Köstlen, Dorner, Schmidt, Reuter, etc. Mgr. Batiffol's sober and scholarly pages are its most up-to-date justification. The *Church Times* writer is guilty of a sad lapse from the courtesies of debate in his final deplorable paragraph, which we can only

¹ *Summa Augustiniana*. Romæ 1744. Pars. 3a, Quæst. II., Artic. VI., p. 267.

² July, 1896, pp. 8—10; January, 1897, pp. 104 sqq.

³ *C. Julian* iii. 5.

⁴ *Dublin Review* (1897), Vol. CXX., pp. 88 sqq.; Vol. CXXI., pp. 99 sqq.

⁵ Ep. 186, 2; P.L. 33, Col. 816—817.

describe as an ignorant and most unfair attack on the Congregation of the Index. His admiration for the scholarship and methods of Turmel would cool considerably, we think, if he took the trouble to read Louis Salter's *La Question Herzog-Dupin, Contribution à l'histoire de la théologie française pendant ces dernières années* (Paris, Lethielleux, 1908). Turmel's book, about which the *Church Times* writer waxes lyrical, is entitled *l'Histoire du dogme de la Papauté*. There is no preface to it, and no chapter dealing with the great Petrine texts, which is surely a strange omission in a book professing to give a history of the *dogma* of the Papacy. St. Peter's residence in Rome is left an open question, in spite of the almost unanimous verdict of modern scholars. This *soi-disant* "objective" historian harps *fortissimo* on every text he can find which seems to imply a denial of papal prerogatives. He passes over in silence or endeavours to explain away the overwhelming testimonies in their favour. And he calls that history. The *Church Times* reviewer talks of the disastrous way in which the prohibition of the book "acts on impartial historical study." Ordinary men who have no axe to grind call that cant.¹

S.K.

THE LATIN MIND.

THE obituary notices and the valuations of the genius and work of the late Anatole France which have appeared recently in the press have contained a deal about the "Latin mind." It should seem that whatever strikes an English reader as improper or unpleasant in those writings is to be set down to the operations of the "Latin mind." M. France was a Frenchman, and therefore he had a "Latin mind." The "Latin mind" is distinguished by its treatment of topics from which apparently other minds shrink; and that it is, if we are to judge by this theory, which mainly constitutes its "Latinity."

In the first place, it does not appear to have occurred to these critics that the characteristics of M. France's writings, to which many people very reasonably object, are by no means confined to "Latin" or "neo-Latin" literature. In certain of his remarks this author showed a very irreligious spirit; and in certain others of them it is no exaggeration to say that he exceeded the bounds of decency. Can it be asserted with truth, however, that the irreligious spirit, together with the tendency to treat of topics which were better left untouched, is confined to those countries which are commonly, though mistakenly, regarded as "Latin"?

¹ If anybody wants a really objective study of the relations between St. Cyprian and the Papacy he will find it in *La Théologie de Saint Cyprien*, par A. D'Alès, Paris, Beauchesne, 1922.

Is it not a fact that the literature of every country is open to the charge that it contains irreligious and salacious writings? Doubtless, the degree in which it is possible to prefer with truth this charge of irreligious and improper writings varies considerably; but that it can be preferred in all cases with more or less truth proves that the "Latin mind" is not the only one which sins in these respects.

Though it is easy to understand how this theory of the presence of a "Latin mind" in European literature has come about, yet it is a deal less easy to produce ethnological and biological proof in support of it. The countries commonly classed as "Latin" countries are those whose national tongues belong to what philologists style the "Romance" group of languages. The genius and general structure of these languages are derived from the Latin, and as the countries in which they are spoken formed part of the Roman Empire we are invited to believe, on the strength of these two facts, that the modern inhabitants of them are more "Latin" than are the inhabitants of those countries which were also included in the Roman Empire, but whose languages are not Latin in genius and complexion.

The assumption on which this theory is based is utterly unwarranted by the true facts of the case. It is a survival of the times when language was regarded as the true key to race. Language may be, and often is, useful in helping us to determine racial origins; but it is by no means the infallible criterion it was formerly thought to be. Other sciences have nowadays to be consulted before we may hope to make any appreciable approaches towards the solution of problems so obscure and so complex. Archaeology, for example, is one of these, as is biology; and now we find the modern science of sociology insisting that it too shall be heard where racial origins, and the obscure beginnings of peoples and nations are concerned.

Thus, the theory of the presence in European literature of a distinct and definite "Latin mind" is based on a fallacy; and, if the foundation is crazy, it is plain that it is useless to look for strength and symmetry in the superstructure. The peoples of France, Spain, Portugal, etc., are "Latins" only in so far as the languages which they speak are more Latin in genius, complexion and structure than they are anything else. But that does not mean that the nations I have named, and the others whose tongues belong to the group styled Romance, are of Latin blood, and so may reasonably be regarded as having "Latin minds."

The purpose of this brief paper is then to show, firstly, that the unpleasant qualities assigned to the "Latin mind" (and of which, apparently, that "mind" consists) are by no means peculiar to that "mind," but are common to ancient and modern litera-

ture in general; and, secondly, that the so-called Latin nations are really not Latins at all, save in so far as their national tongues are now more Latin in genius and complexion than were those which they originally spoke.

Regarding the further problem raised by discussion of this matter, namely, how it has, and how it can, come to pass that, under any circumstances, mere irreligiousness and salaciousness, as demonstrated in literature, can reasonably be held to constitute a distinct and definite racial "mind"—that mystery I leave to be dealt with, and solved, by the coiners of the unhappy expression in question.

R. ERSKINE OF MARR.

A JUBILEE GUIDE FOR THE ENGLISH PILGRIM.

WE wonder how it comes about that on the Continent generally, but in Catholic Rome more perhaps than anywhere else, the literary requirements of English-speaking visitors are so very poorly provided for. It can hardly be that the good coin which British and American visitors are prepared to offer in payment is regarded by Italians with disdain, neither can we suppose that the Roman authorities wish to suggest that the language of these barbarous northerners is so uncultured that no one can be supposed to be familiar with its idioms. Are there no ecclesiastics, no nuns, of English speech residing in the Eternal City? Or is it that they are so overwhelmed with more important duties that none of them has time to revise the wording of a brochure of some 60 pages in which most of the space is occupied by illustrations? Strange to say, we notice that while the Italian edition of the particular guide we have in view is priced 5 lire, the English version has "1 dollar" stamped upon its outer cover; in other words, the English visitor who seeks for information presented in his own language is here asked to pay a sum equivalent to more than 20 lire for the privilege. Under the circumstances it would at least be reasonable to expect that when he did get his guide-book in English he would find it written in English that was correct and readable. That this, however, cannot always be counted upon, it is the object of the present note to make clear.

Let us hasten to say that the work with which we are here concerned, bearing the title *The Holy Year, History, Programme, Guide*,¹ bears no indication that it is in any sense an official publication. The English copy before us lacks even an *imprimatur*, but the book is issued in at least five languages by

¹ London, J. Smith, 28, Warwick Lane, E.C. 4; Rome and New York, T. Aquino.

the firm of "T. Aquino, Roma," and an advertisement tells us that "in addition to the whole of Italy it is sent all over the world. It is for sale at all the navigation companies, the tourist agencies, bookstalls and kiosques." In the absence of any directly official guide, it seems probable that this volume, which, though quite uncritical, is widely advertised, fully illustrated, not too bulky, and to all appearance practical in the information it offers, will be accepted as associated with the papal invitation *urbi et orbi*, and that by this publication the English and American non-Catholic public will form their opinion of the Jubilee as an institution and of the way in which such things are managed by the officials of the Vatican.

What, then, is the impression which the book as a whole is likely to make upon the casual reader? On glancing through its pages, one notes without much surprise a certain number of mistakes which must undoubtedly be counted as mere typographical errors. Thus when we read in the first sentence of the letterpress that "the Divine Goodness grants to us to proclaim the Holy Year on thys very day," or on p. 6 that "Jesus Christ has chosen to make Rome the perpetual Seat of His Vicary," there is no reason to suspect the translator himself of any affection of archaism. Again in the same papal document we find the sentence: "If you will piously pray, according to the true faith, during your visits to these Christian temples, you will go back to your own countries with your faith wonderfully reinforced, and you will animated by the best intentions." It reads rather oddly, but that is presumably because the printer has left out an *r*. So, too, we may probably hold the compositor responsible when we read that "Clement VIII, though ill with podagra [this sounds formidable, but it has a simpler name in every-day English] went many a times up the Scala Santa, full of religious feeling." There are a good many of these little oversights, but we must not be too exacting in the case of a volume which has been set up in English in a Roman printing office.

A curious misconception seems to have haunted the translator in his use of the word *mess*. He introduces it three times in one page (p. 15). For example, he tells us first that Clement VIII. "used to send every day victuals for twelve pilgrims from his own mess," then that Urban VIII. "washed their feet, helped them at mess, and administered the sacraments to them" (presumably not at mess); but most ambiguous of all is the statement made concerning Innocent X., who "was present while they ate, blessed the mess and served them." There can be little doubt that some dictionary which has given "mess" as the equivalent of the Italian *mensa* (table) is primarily responsible for this eccentricity.

But apart from trivial details such as those just quoted the

translation, taken as a whole, is stiff, unnatural, and in places barely intelligible. In the more grandiose passages we have an almost ludicrous incoherence, and, although the Italian original is inaccessible to us, it would certainly not seem fair to lay the blame upon the author rather than upon his interpreter. For instance, the writer, recalling the memory of the holy men who journeyed to Rome in ages long gone by, is made to speak as follows:

One can again see, for one day and for ever, as if they were still in life, the figures of the other pilgrims of the past, that on those same roads walked towards martyrdom and towards their assumption among the Saints. Those pilgrims walked, leaning on staffs which produced flowers every spring, because they had not been cut from the main trunk of the parent tree. They were very poor, and still very rich, not because their purse was full of alms, but because their soul was full of faith; they felt tired in their bodies, and still the freshness of their spirit lighting up their eyes could be seen like the buds of flowers are seen peeping through the bushes, to announce the arrival of spring.

The greater is the faith of the new pilgrim and the more he feels related to those sublime pilgrims of the past, who had the image of Christ engraved on their hearts. He comes to Rome, and with him comes thousands and thousands of his brethren: etc., etc. (p. 30).

We have copied this passage very exactly and we leave it to the ingenuity of the curious to determine what the author's meaning may have been and what amount of edification the latter-day Anglo-Saxon is likely to derive from it. We will add one other quotation which has reference to the Holy Father's appeal to the faithful to journey to Rome in the course of the coming year:

His voice, the only voice that can overcome any distance over the earth, and pass over any boundary of nation and of language, has arrived to crowded towns, and to the smallest villages, a solemn and severe call to those living in luxury and sin, a charitable comfort to those living in resigned and obscure poverty. Men have left their work for awhile on the fields; other men have for awhile taken themselves away from corruption in the towns (p. 20).

As we have already said, we do not know how far the book before us can claim to represent the provision which the Roman organizers are making for the Jubilee pilgrims of English speech. Of one thing we feel tolerably certain, and that is that the French, Spanish and German translations will not be such cari-

catures of the original as the version prepared for the benefit of our countrymen. Whoever has been responsible for the production of this volume seems to us to be casting something of a slur upon the general intelligence of English-speaking visitors by assuming that they can be put off with so deplorable a piece of work, issued moreover at a preposterous price.

H.T.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Electoral Anomalies.

Mr. Lloyd George, who, in the days of his power, turned down Proportional Representation as an electoral system which he could not understand, has been taught by adversity, and now protests against the "present anomalous, unjust and undemocratic electoral situation" wherein 87,939 votes represent each contested Liberal seat, whilst 19,505 have sufficed to return a Conservative. Mr. Asquith, on whom adversity presses harder, but who did not need its teaching, complains of "the absurd caprices of our irrational electoral system," which gave the Liberals only 34 seats instead of the 105 to which their voting strength entitled them. The simple majority system is indeed prolific in anomalies. In the Coalition election of 1918 the non-Coalition candidates polled four votes for every five cast for the Coalition, yet secured only 222 seats as against 485. And in the late election, amongst other similar freaks, the combined Labour and Liberal votes in the eleven southern counties and boroughs (beneath the line joining Thames and Severn), numbering 929,599, won only a single seat, whilst the Conservative vote, about one-third heavier (1,456,702), secured 84. The fact is a General Election, what with uncontested seats, triangular contests, overt or secret "pacts," press exaggerations and misleading party literature, has become altogether a gamble. The system affects all parties equally: none is secure of fair representation. Accordingly, the Speaker's Conference of 1917, which represented all parties, unanimously recommended that P.R. should be applied in all thickly populated areas. That recommendation was rejected by the Commons. Since then five General Elections have been held, and the public mind has had an equal number of object-lessons in the imperfections of the old system. A new Conference would have much more data to go upon, including the working of P.R. in Ireland, but it would be perhaps too much to expect that the Government, in whose favour the die has fallen on this occasion, should use its great majority to effect this reform.

**P.R. and
the two-party
System.**

A serious argument against P.R., which might be held to justify the Government's inaction, is that it would prevent any return to the two-party system, and thus cause instability in administration. No doubt P.R. does favour a greater number of parties, since it is designed to give representation to all well-defined and considerable minorities. But we may question whether we shall ever go back to the two-party system. It has disappeared in every European country, quite irrespective of P.R. It has disappeared in all the other members of the Commonwealth. It seems to be disappearing even in U.S.A. Not P.R., but wider education and keener political interest, have caused the electorate of every nation to split up into three or more groups. They are capable of coalescing, as we know, in a crisis. On some dominant issue, as the question of the maintenance of the Treaty in Ireland, P.R. will reflect the mind of the majority, but the modern elector does not seem to find a wide enough choice in a two-party system.

**Government
by
Consent.**

It is quite debatable whether the comparative weakness of Government, resulting from the existence of three or more parties, is not preferable to the strength that comes from a homogeneous group with a large majority. For, in modern democracies, legislation to be effective must have the support of public opinion. There is a danger lest a Government, strong in Parliament but much less strong in the country, should pass laws which a majority of the people is not prepared to accept. In the 1922 election the Conservatives had a majority of 79, but polled about three million less votes than their various opponents. They could hardly have carried tariff-reform in the circumstances. But when parties are more or less balanced, the Government must concentrate on national as distinct from party legislation, and must take the other parties more or less fully into council. Thus the late Labour Government consulted the other parties in dealing with the Boundary Question, the Channel Tunnel, and the great national problem of Housing. It is to be hoped that the present Government will follow this precedent in spite of its great Parliamentary strength. The temptation to make Parliament the mere register of Cabinet decisions will also be very strong, and it will require far-seeing statesmanship to resist it.

**The
Duty of
Voting.**

About 80 per cent of the electorate voted in October, a better proportion than in November, 1923. It is obviously a part of true citizenship to vote for the body to whose hands the fortunes of the country are entrusted. It may even be a matter

of conscience when some moral issue or issues are at stake, and the vote is a decision between right and wrong. But if it is a duty to vote, it is equally a duty to vote conscientiously, and therefore to equip oneself with knowledge requisite for that task. How few are there to take their citizenship seriously! How many even make a boast of "keeping out of politics" and claim credit for ignorance of great political questions! We may grant that party politics are often sordid and embittered, but a citizen need not necessarily take a party label. It would be interesting to know what proportion of the recent voters were really independent of party and voted after study and conviction: more interesting, perhaps, to know how many voted without any very definite reason for their choice. One recommendation of P.R. is that it makes an electorate more discriminating. Catholics who were so long unjustly deprived of the franchise should now be all the keener to exercise it. The Catholic voter more than any other can be trusted to let the Socialist know that, unless he changes his wrongful attitude towards property and religion, he need not expect the support of those who cherish Christian civilization.¹

Political
Action in
France.

At the election of 1922 in Ireland, on which hung the gravest issues of peace or chaos, only 60 per cent of the electorate went to the poll. Quite recently in Dublin and Donegal,

in elections affecting the stability of the Government, only 40 per cent took the trouble to vote. This points to a lamentable lack of political conscience, due doubtless to the prolonged chaotic state of political affairs in that country. Yet nowhere, save perhaps in France, is there more need for Catholics to assert their faith politically and to know what that faith prescribes. Happily, the acquiescence in persecution in the latter country, of which something was said in our last issue, seems to have come to an end. Catholics there are beginning to realize that they are France in a truer sense than their opponents, that their share in the State is as real as that of the Socialist *bloc*, and that they have only to claim it in order to make it their own. The French Catholic papers are full of an "Open Letter," addressed to M. Herriot by a French chaplain who served all through the war. With delicate but crushing irony, Père Doncœur contrasts the attitude and occupations of M. Herriot

¹ *The New Leader*, a twopenny weekly produced by Socialist intellectuals, recommends (Oct. 31st) for all to read Winwood Read's anti-religious book *The Martyrdom of Man*, and extols Mr. Wells as "the greatest of Universal Historians." Says the reviewer, "The facts of evolution are undoubtedly: life began as an eddy in the primeval slime: it culminates to-day in the brain of Mr. Wells"! It would be, perhaps, unkind to suggest that that brain still bears traces of its origin.

with his own during the fifty months he spent under fire. He was a volunteer, over age and exempt, yet on August 2, 1914, he begged to be sent to the Front, and went. Made prisoner, he returned to duty after his escape, and was three times wounded and many times decorated. He has no recollection of being visited by M. Herriot during those fifty months at the Front, but now this non-combatant, who was 42 when war broke out, orders him once more to take the road to Belgium. The answer has the right ring—

“ Vous n'y pensez pas !

Ni moi, entendez-vous, ni aucun autre (car tous ceux qui étaient en âge de se battre se sont battus) ni aucune femme, nous ne reprendrons la route de Belgique.

Cela, jamais !”

And the bold chaplain, speaking thus for all threatened by the anti-religious “ laws,” goes on with scathing contempt to suggest that M. Herriot will have plenty of room in the prisons now that he is releasing traitors and defeatists and *embusqués*.

**A New
Catholic League
of Defence.**

But why should they go to prison? Surely it will be simpler to combine and turn out the Government, and to elect no deputies who do not promise to repeal those infamous anti-Catholic laws.

That happy combination seems to be achieved at last. A new “Fédération Nationale Catholique,” under the presidency of General de Castelnau, has been formed, and is attracting the adhesion of multitudes all over France. The “non-political” Catholic, now if ever and here if anywhere, false as such to his faith, is learning at last that he belongs to a Church militant and that the rights of conscience may not be abandoned under whatever pretext of political loyalty or fear of strife. He has not learnt it any too soon. We can gather the type of men whom past apathy or divided counsels on the part of Catholics has allowed to rule in France from the public funeral honours recently accorded by the Government, at vast public expense, to two such sorry heroes as the sceptic and sensualist Anatole France, and the Communist Jaurès. To what a pass has the eldest Daughter of the Church come when to the eyes of the world Christian morality seems to have no part in her estimate of greatness!

**The Russian
Question.**

It was to be expected that the new Government would decline to go further with the Russian Treaties and would sternly denounce the Zinovieff letter and the infamous propaganda

it suggested. Yet the Russian difficulty remains. Europe can

never have peace and security so long as the anti-Christian Soviet ideal effectively controls the larger portion of it, for that ideal, being wholly atheistic, is diametrically opposed to the civilization inspired by Christianity. How can any State begin or maintain friendly relations with a Government which avowedly aims at overthrowing its foundations, at fomenting class-war and establishing the "dictatorship of the proletariat." Because of Russia the border States, Poland and the rest, have to maintain armaments out of all proportion to normal needs. Unless the Bolshevik can be tamed and Christianized, what nation can trust him? And how can he sit in fellowship with the rest in the Council or Assembly of the League of Nations, which has for object the preservation of Christian civilization? Force is no remedy in the case: war with the Soviets would only strengthen them and exhaust the civilized States. Outlawry is impossible: 132 million people cannot be boycotted. The only hope seems to lie in the pacific effects of commerce, bringing the Russian proper, as distinct from his preposterous Government, into friendly contact with other nationalities. Bolshevism will be overthrown when the 132 millions emerge from their ignorance and isolation. France, Germany, Italy, as well as Great Britain and the majority of the Border States, have given the Soviets *de jure* recognition, and there is nothing to prevent the development of trade relations with Russian citizens. That is not the same thing as receiving Soviet delegates at the Trade Union Congress or returning such visits, as certain Trade Union delegates have been ill-advised enough to do. We hope that the Labour Party, which has cast out its own Communists, will dissociate itself even more thoroughly from the still more evil brand that now rules Russia.

**Criticism
of the
League of Nations.**

It would seem that the change of Government has not endangered the prospects of European peace. Nothing could have been more hearty than Mr. Baldwin's declaration of adhesion to the League of Nations idea at the Mansion House, and there are others in the Government, notably Lord Cecil, who are even more keen than he. Few things are stranger in contemporary thought than the reluctance with which many, in spite of the fact and the memory of the Great War, face the necessity of providing for peace by a universal alliance against aggressive warfare. Nameless irresponsible writers in the sensational Press are given a free hand in criticizing and condemning the one project that stands between civilization and destruction, and even men of education and standing show themselves much more keen to point out the weaknesses of the League than to show how they can be strengthened, or to indicate what is their substitute. Until the

conviction becomes universal that the alternative before the world is either an effective League of Nations or excessively costly preparations for the next and final war, people will be readier, because it is easier, to stress the difficulties in the way of realizing the League's ideal than to study how to remove them, and will refuse to consider what further sacrifices of independence may be necessary. It is constructive criticism that is wanted, not destructive—an earnest endeavour on the part of all to perfect the machinery whereby the same regard for justice and observance of law may obtain amongst the nations of the world as between their citizens individually. The reception of the Geneva Protocol is a fair illustration of the differences of mental attitude amongst us towards peace and the League as the instrument of peace. Many of its critics seem more concerned with the immediate and purely national interests of Great Britain than with her interests as a member of the family of nations. They are right in insisting that we shall not be bound to undefined or excessive sacrifice, but they are not right in claiming for a member of the League unfettered freedom and independence. We cannot eat our cake and still have it. For the sake of the greater good—the peace of the world—we have, like all the other members, given up the lesser, viz., entire liberty of action.

**The Great Powers
alone can
create Peace.**

The aim of the Protocol is declared to be the further definition and strengthening of the obligations to which members of the League are already committed, and thus to provide by united guarantee for that security without which the nations cannot lay aside the burden of armaments and forced military service. Security rests in the hands of the great Powers: if the five or six nations that are pre-eminently strong and wealthy determine that there shall be no more war, war will cease amongst civilized nations. It is simply a matter of the British Commonwealth, and France, Germany, Italy and Russia in Europe, and America and Japan outside, agreeing for their mutual advantage to submit their differences to the World Court: and all the rest of the nations must follow suit. The process of law may be uncertain and inadequate, but it is justice itself compared with the arbitrament of war. How shall we exorcise the spirits of covetousness and fear that keep nations insecure? It will need the best efforts of Christian wisdom: it will need a love of justice that will cause the strong to count it no shame to yield to the weak: it will need the influence of religion, and the help of the greatest of religious institutions—the Catholic Church. It behoves then the children of the Church, who belong to the nations on which peace depends, to use all their efforts to inspire all international dealings with the principles of justice and charity.

The Geneva Agreement must be carefully considered and, if rejected, must be replaced by some other means to the same end. It is the second attempt of the League to make itself really effective: those who try to scrap it without providing a substitute will show that they have no faith in the one positive benefit of the war.

The
Egyptian
Question.

Anything that would cast real doubt upon Great Britain's sincerity in upholding the League of Nations would be such a fatal blow to that institution that the present Egyptian

situation must needs cause grave anxiety to lovers of peace. It was inevitable that foreign critics should call attention to the parallel between the Government's action and that of S. Mussolini in regard to Greece and that of the Austrian Government on occasion of the Serajevo assassinations. In each case, there was a political murder for which a weak Government was held responsible: in each case a strong Power sent a stern ultimatum exacting concessions which seemed to go beyond what the offence dictated. In October last year we took such exception to the unnecessary violence of S. Mussolini's action regarding Greece that we cannot ignore the surface similarity of our Government's action to his, whilst fervently trusting that, when Parliament meets, a complete justification of its rigour may be put forth. Egypt does not belong to the League of Nations and it is claimed that the British Government has not gone beyond the four corners of the powers reserved when Egypt's independence was recognized in February, 1922. It would be all the more to its credit if it allowed the Egyptian appeal to the League of Nations. According to *The Times* (November 25th), "British opinion can have no possible objection to a really impartial inquiry into the actions of the Zaghlul Government," such as that appeal would necessitate. And such a reference, spontaneously made, would immensely strengthen the position of the League. Meanwhile it behoves Catholics, with the help of their Council for International Relations, the first Executive meeting of which occurred the other day, to do their best to keep public opinion always on the side of justice and charity and moderation, especially when national interests are concerned. No national interest is higher than regard for the right.

To make France
and Germany
Friends.

A French General writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the depopulation of France regards that sad phenomenon only from the point of view of the next war.¹ From begin-

¹ The limitations of the "military mind" are well exhibited in a review of Lord Wolseley's Life in *The Times* (Nov. 15th), wherein the reviewer remarks—"It was his [Wolseley's] misfortune to be denied a great war in which to prove his skill as a general."

ning to end of a long and sombre article he betrays no recognition of the existence of the League of Nations as a possible means of security or has any other estimate of Germany than as a certain foe. "Lors de l'évacuation de la Rhénanie, les effectifs allemands seront le double des nôtres"—this is the burden of his plaint, and the only gleam of hope he sees, failing an unprecedented increase of population, lies in the alliances of France with Poland and the Balkan States. So little has that military man learnt from the war. Happily events are likely to defeat his gloomy anticipations. Apart from the enigma of Russia, it is certain that the peace of Europe depends upon a stable friendship between France and Germany. If they do not want to fight, no one else will,—no one else that matters, though guns may go off from time to time in the Balkans. The whole object of European diplomacy, therefore, should be to promote that friendship. As Mr. Churchill, not then a responsible Minister, but still a man of vision, wrote of this country not long ago:¹

There can surely be only one [British] policy which is even conceivable—to use her whole influence and resources consistently over a long period of years to weave France and Germany so closely together economically, socially, and morally as to prevent the occasion of quarrels and make their causes die in a realization of mutual prosperity and interdependence. The supreme interest of Britain is in the assuagement of the great feud, and she has no other interest, commercial, financial, national, or Imperial that is comparable or contrary to it.

In this friendship and interdependence, not in conscript armies or in rival alliances, lies each country's security. "All attempts," said Lord Grey (November 22nd), "either on the part of France or Germany, to make itself secure at the expense of the other have failed, and led to future wars. The security of both for the future is a security in which each has an equal share." The omens are favourable for this *rapprochement*. It has begun of course with commerce, but both Governments are speaking words of friendship. "We are determined," said Herr Marx on November 23rd, "and I hope France is also, to pursue the policy of reconciliation." And later in the same speech, the Chancellor said: "If they [the Nationalists] mean by pacifist a man who fights to preserve peace, then I gladly declare myself to be one, both because the losses of defeat in war can never be redeemed by a fresh war, and because I am convinced that we must seriously strive to realize 'Pax Christi in regno Christi'"—a sentiment worthy of a great Christian statesman.

¹ *The Weekly Despatch*, June 15th.

**Dr. Sutherland's
Victory.**

The French General's paper on "La grande pitié de nos effectifs de Guerre"—lamenting the plague of artificial sterility which, by the way, is afflicting modern Germany as well, recalls the resounding victory won for the cause of morality by the decision on November 21st of the highest court of the realm—the House of Lords—in favour of Dr. Sutherland, in what was known as the Birth-Control Libel Action. Our readers may remember that in his courageous book giving the Christian view of the neo-Malthusian propaganda, Dr. Sutherland condemned the establishment of clinics to teach these evil practices and expressed his wonder that the Home Secretary in the interests of public morality had not intervened to prosecute, seeing that Bradlaugh had been sentenced for a less serious crime. A jury in the Lord Chief Justice's Court found that Dr. Sutherland's strictures were true in substance and in fact, but that they did not constitute fair comment. The Lord Chief gave judgment for Dr. Sutherland and the plaintiff appealed. The Court of Appeal, by a majority of one, thought that the finding of the jury was against the defendant, whereupon Dr. Sutherland, convinced that Christian morality was deeply at stake, boldly appealed to the Lords. His self-sacrifice was recognized by a public subscription to enable him to prosecute the case, which has at long last reached a triumphant conclusion. The original judgment is restored with costs, and by this decision the practices Dr. Sutherland stigmatized and the books advocating them are equivalently declared by the highest court of the realm to be obscene and criminal. Whilst hoping that the course of justice will not stop there, we must join with all decent-minded people in congratulating Dr. Sutherland on the courage and tenacity with which he fought his case, at the cost of endless anxiety and much financial sacrifice, and in expressing a hope that Catholics at least will see that he is completely reimbursed. The Cardinal took immediate occasion¹ to claim that Dr. Sutherland's book "had rendered a national service to England and the Empire, and indirectly an international service to the whole world."

**Catholics alone uphold
Marriage-Morality.** It is significant of the chaotic state of moral teaching outside the Church that, side by side with those whose only aim is to corrupt and make money by corrupting, there are many educated and well-meaning supporters of Birth-Control—doctors, non-Catholic clergymen, and so on—who apparently cannot see that artificial sterility is exactly on the same moral footing as solitary vice. There is nowhere any clear reprobation

¹ In a speech to the Catholic Federation, Nov. 22nd.

of the thing as essentially evil except by the Catholic Church. The Cardinal, not without justice, called attention in his recent speech to the fact that the help given to Dr. Sutherland in his fight for Christian morality came almost entirely from Catholics. There are various organizations whose aim is the promotion of virtue, but on this supreme issue they held aloof. They are not, in fact, united in their moral views. C.O.P.E.C., representing a large number of earnest social workers, spoke on the subject with an uncertain voice. The Lambeth Bishops themselves, in 1923, faced with the fact "that many persons of undoubted sincerity whose opinions are entitled to respect did not share this [adverse] view," failed to assert magisterially the law of God. Lord Dawson, speaking before the Birth-rate Commission on November 7th, showed his usual insensibility to the moral aspect of the question, and went so far as to assert a principle which would open the gates to every sort of vice, viz., that gratification of the sexual instinct is an end in itself. And he proceeded to taunt the Catholic Church because "with its compact organization" (whatever that has to do with it), it has not stopped the evil. How does the eminent physician know whether the Church's definite and uncompromising teaching has met with success or not? He may have known some bad Catholics, but he has no right to generalize from his experience. He ended his evidence by calling for convincing reasons, apart from religious taboos, that the practice is "harmful or wrongful or both." Dr. Sutherland has written a whole book to provide such convincing reasons, even for those who reject Christian morality: we commend its perusal to Lord Dawson.

**Anglican
Loyalty to
Truth.**

In view of the fact that non-Catholic opinion is divided on this as on other primary points of morality, it is strange to find an Anglican prelate contending in the *Church Times* that

"the only—at any rate, the main—*raison d'être* of the Anglican Church and of Anglo-Catholicism is a loyalty to truth," especially "in the question of real history." Although he says astonishingly nice things about the Church—for instance, "As a full, coherent, saint-making, thoroughly wrought-out and 'all out' system of Christian discipline and of applied Christianity, there is, I think, nothing in existence to compare with Roman Catholicism"—he implies that Roman Catholics have to practise "accommodations" in order to remain sincere members of their Church. It is the old charge to which Newman amongst others was subjected—that the Catholic puts authority in the place of reason, and becomes less a man when following his Lord's injunction to be "as a little child." The Bishop of Pretoria is an outsider, and not in a position to estimate the Catholic *ethos*

correctly, but we can assure him that loyalty to truth, which he considers—how strangely!—to be the distinguishing Note of the Anglican Church, and, perhaps, the cause of that “condition of molten confusion,” in which he admits that Church is to-day, is even more conspicuous in Roman Catholicism. But there it involves loyalty to truth already known and divinely guaranteed, as well as a keenness to know what is true in matters not authoritatively revealed or taught. There is nothing certain about Biblical criticism that Catholics are forbidden to accept, nothing uncertain or false that they are obliged to believe.

**The Closed Mind
of
Bishop Welldon.**

With another Anglican critic we have less sympathy, for times out of mind he has ignorantly attacked the Church, been corrected, and yet repeated the attack. Bishop Welldon, the Dean of Durham, hardly fits in with the Bishop of Pretoria's concept of the typical Anglican: he does not seem very zealous for truth, or at least he neglects obvious means of ascertaining it. In a sermon preached on November 16th at Durham, the Dean took occasion of the non-attendance of the Catholic Mayor of the city to speak in condemnation of the policy of isolation from public life, seemingly adopted by the Catholic Church in this country by forbidding her members to unite with their fellow-citizens in public worship on occasions of the sort. Our Catholic papers have elucidated the matter for the benefit of Bishop Welldon, but why should he at this date require to be taught that, in the eyes of a Catholic, association in heretical worship is a sin against the First Commandment? Perhaps he has been misled by the action of Catholics in being present at marriages and funerals of their non-Catholic friends; perhaps, he may have heard of instances of Catholics in official position actually attending Protestant services—not all Catholics obey the Commandments—but a man of his intelligence should have known by this time that the Catholic Church claims to be the one Church of Christ and must needs regard all others as heretical, and that she cannot change the moral law. Our Elizabethan ancestors might have kept lands and wealth if only they had not refused to associate with their fellow-citizens in Elizabethan worship. What was sinful then is sinful now, and will be sinful a century hence.

**An
Interesting
Experiment.**

Profiteering is as rife in France as it is here, and the Government is attempting to legislate against it. Their first effort has failed, for they were bold enough to make it a penal offence “to sell or attempt to sell above the regular market price” or “at an exaggerated price”—thus recalling laws which obtained in the old pre-Reformation civilization—but the lawyers declared that

no court of justice could define those offences: so widely astray has our industrialism gone. "Productive industry to-day," says a writer in *The Times* (November 13th), "carries on its back altogether too many passengers,"—and profiteering is one result. We are interested to note an attempt being made to get rid of some of these passengers in one department of commercial activity—the selling of books. The well-known Dartmoor authoress, "Beatrice Chase," reflecting with sorrow that a book sold at 6s. brought her in only about 9d., discovered that the "passenger" who took the greatest share of the book's price (viz., over 2s.) on its way from her pen to the public was the bookseller: and also that he was the easiest to get rid of! So she determined to dispense with this incubus, and distribute her books herself. Her latest, *Heaven and Devon* (price 2s. 8d. post free, from the author, Widecombe-in-the-Moor, Ashburton, Devon) is not supplied to the trade, but "direct from the producer to the consumer." As a result, Miss Chase claims that she is making 50 % on sales, instead of between 12 % and 15 %, whilst the printer, binder, etc., are no worse off, and the bookseller, who did the least work and was the most highly rewarded, is eliminated. The experiment has been tried before, but not, we think, with such success. It could hardly be adopted universally, for one must start with an assured public, but it certainly raises the question whether the bookseller may not sometimes be a profiteer.

**Catholic
Education Policy
shown to be
right.**

Catholics have reason to be grateful that their long and weary fight for the rights of conscience in education has at last brought the public mind of this country to recognize these rights. An article on "Religion in the Schools" in *The Times* for November 24th might almost, except for its entire ignoring of the debt due to Catholic principle in this matter, have emanated from the Catholic Education Council itself. "Everyone interested in the religious condition of the country," we read, "shares a profound anxiety in the growing neglect of the guidance and encouragement which the Christian faith offers to mankind." And that neglect is implicitly ascribed to the want of definite religious instruction in provided schools and "the want of training for this most responsible and difficult work," on the part of teachers to whom it is assigned. In other words, what is needed is denominational teaching by those who believe it and are competent to impart it—our old slogan of "Catholic schools with Catholic teachers for Catholic children" generalized. *The Times* will have nothing to say to the compromise of teaching "the elements of the Christian faith," which apparently contents the Protestant Bishop of Liverpool. "Christianity," it

says, "implies membership in a society of believers, and religious education must therefore be designed to train children to respond to the claims of the body to which they belong." The new proposals made by the Anglicans to end the dual system and bring all schools under the State, thus securing "unity of administration with variety of types," will, of course, be carefully scrutinized by Catholics to see whether the plan proposed covers their necessary and irreducible demands. Theirs is not the latitudinarianism of Bishop Welldon, who seems to be more concerned with children being taught religion together, than with their being taught truth.¹

**Right and Justice
shall be
denied to none.** An expenditure running into thousands of pounds was lately required to vindicate a Christian's right to stigmatize in appropriate language a practice involving a monstrous

breach of marriage morality. The expenditure was justified by the immense importance of the issue at stake. But the law is a costly business, so costly that the equal justice, guaranteed to all by Magna Charta, is wholly out of the reach of the destitute. If they are injured, they must often remain without redress on account of the price of the law. Accordingly, some prominent men have petitioned the Lord Chancellor to use his influence to remove this blot upon British justice by instituting an inquiry into the whole problem of legal disabilities arising out of poverty, with a view to their removal at the public cost. No doubt this will mean another burden on the community, but so long as the community tolerates the existence of a proletariat, it must submit also to the resulting inconveniences. The Roman Ecclesiastical Courts allow pleas *in forma pauperis* when litigants cannot pay their fees. It is hoped that a similar privilege, or rather right, may be won for that section of the population here, some 10 %, which cannot otherwise refer their claims to law.

THE EDITOR.

¹ A not unfair inference from his letter to *The Times*, Nov. 26th.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Christology. Catholic, contrasted with "Orthodox" [P. de Maester in *Ephémérides Théologicae Lovanienses*, Oct., 1924, p. 518].

Evolution. Tenability of [Professor Windle in *Queen's Work*, Nov., 1924, p. 281].

Modernism in U.S.A. [J. B. Ceulemans in *Ephémérides Théologicae Lovanienses*, Oct., 1924, p. 544].

Protestant Services. Rules governing Catholic attendance at [Canon T. Wright in *Catholic Times*, Nov. 15, 1924, p. 7].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anatole France. Lying and ridiculous eulogies of [Pierre Lhonde in *Etudes*, Nov. 5, 1924, p. 257].

Anglican Delusions [Tablet, Nov. 22, 1924, p. 659].

Anti-Catholicism in Bristol a century ago [Rev. H. G. Hughes in *Tablet*, Nov. 22, 1924, p. 661].

Barnes, Bishop: his ignorance of Catholic Doctrine [C. C. Martindale, S.J., in *Inter-University Magazine*, Oct., 1924, p. 42].

Censorship and Freedom of Thought [L. Walker, S.J., in *Catholic World*, Nov., 1924, p. 145].

Continuity Myth shattered again [Mgr. Moyes in *Tablet*, Nov. 1, 1924, p. 556].

Freemasonry in France [H. du Passage, S.J., in *Etudes*, Nov. 5, 1924, p. 273].

Spiritualist Propaganda amongst Children [I. Hernaman in *Tablet*, Nov. 22, 1924, p. 678].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Catholic Resistance to Persecution in France [Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, Nov. 5, 1924, p. 336].

Catholicism in Central America [Rev. P. Buissink in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Oct., 1924, p. 412].

Catholicism in Germany [P. Doncoeur, S.J., in *Etudes*, Nov. 20, 1924, p. 470].

Catholicism in the Middle East [C. C. Martindale, S.J., in *Inter-University Magazine*, Oct., 1924, p. 13].

China, First General Council of [Lt.-Col. F. J. Bowen in *Annals P. F.*, Oct.-Nov., 1924, p. 8].

Converts, Some recent Women [*Stella Maris*, Nov., 1924, p. 342].

John Baptist, A Study of St. [J. P. Arendzen, D.D., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Nov., 1924, p. 476].

Moral Teaching of St. Thomas [T. Slater, S.J., in *Month*, Dec., 1924, p. 506].

Papal Monarchy, The, up to the Council of Trent [P. Richard in *Revue d'Histoire Ecclésiastique*, July—October, 1924, p. 413].

Samaritans, The [J. P. Arendzen in *Catholic Gazette*, Nov., 1924, p. 285].

Socialism, The Way to cure [J. Keating, S.J., in *Month*, Dec., 1924, p. 481].

REVIEWS

I—THE PSALMS¹

WE have been awaiting with interest the appearance of this second volume of Prof. Boylan's work upon the Psalms, and have good reason to congratulate both ourselves and the author upon its publication. The complete work takes its place at once as the most useful treatise upon the Psalms for English-speaking Catholics, and we may even say the most important. This is more especially true of the second volume, wherein, as the author explains in the preface, the commentary and general explanation is fuller than in the first; we can only feel glad that "the insistence of friendly critics" has carried the day in this respect. As a consequence, the volume is notably larger than its predecessor, even though this latter contains a general introduction of about 60 pages; the price, however, of the present volume remains quite moderate, if we take into account the large amount of matter contained in it and the somewhat intricate character of the printing required. As a matter of fact the get-up of the book is very good.

Still, Prof. Boylan lays especial stress, here as in the previous volume, upon the translation, and "would like to think that his English rendering of the Vulgate Psalms 72—150 conveys of itself—apart from introductions and notes—a substantially clear notion of the literal sense of those Psalms." This is a sound ideal; one can learn more from a skilful translation, such as he offers us, than from a wilderness of notes. Our only doubt is whether at times he can really be said to be translating the Vulgate at all—the Psalter printed in Vulgate and Breviary, we mean, which unfortunately is really an older version than the Vulgate, from the Greek—he leans so heavily to the Hebrew text. But this is a fault, if fault it be, which is easily forgiven, since it makes the Psalms all the easier to understand. We may note that it would have been useful to give the first Latin words of each Psalm in the index, since the Psalms are so often known by them.

Little detailed criticism is possible. We should like the author to have held rather more firmly to the view that the "gradual" Psalms are pilgrim-Psalms (pp. 277—9); he does not easily ex-

¹ *The Psalms: a Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the light of the Hebrew text.* By the Rev. Patrick Boylan, M.A., D.Litt., D.D., Professor of Sacred Scripture and Oriental Languages, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, and Professor of Eastern Languages, University College, Dublin. Volume II.: Psalms 72—150. Dublin, Gill. Fp. xii., 40s. 6d. net. 1924.

press himself with certainty upon critical questions. Looking at these Psalms awhile, we are not much inclined to assent to the dialogue arrangement of Psalm 120 (*Levavi oculos meos*); the big change is rather from the first to the second person. Nor have we ever quite been able to persuade ourselves that Psalm 126 (*Nisi Dominus aedificaverit*), short as it is already, should be divided; may not children be the supreme example of what God gives without labour of man? The *De Profundis* (Psalm 129) will be found helpfully treated. On Psalm 132 (*Ecce quam bonum*) we have the almost sardonic remark that "in the Hebrew it is the beard, not the oil, which flows down to the edge of the garment"!

In regard of other Psalms it may be enough to say that the *Dixit Dominus* (Psalm 109) appears to be treated with unnecessary violence; when once it is realized that we are in the presence of a mixed metaphor ("womb" and "dew"), the rest should not be so difficult to straighten out. We should have welcomed, too, a greater use for the exegesis of this Psalm of the Epistle to the Hebrews, which as a matter of fact Prof. Boylan has just been editing for the Westminster Version.

These are only a few isolated points; the value of the work as a whole is great, and we especially recommend it to priests. We hope that in spite of his heavy cares as Vice-President of Maynooth, Prof. Boylan will find further opportunity of extending to the world at large the benefit of his Biblical lore. And indeed, we believe that he has already consented to expound Messianic Prophecy at the next meeting of the Cambridge Summer School of Catholic Studies.

2—GREEK PROSE¹

THIS volume, third and last, completes a manual, now generally considered as one of the most helpful existing aids to Greek Prose Composition. With this before us we can safely endorse the verdict of *The Times Educational Supplement* (December 23, 1922): "This book in its general arrangement and completeness shows a notable advance on what are usually considered the standard text-books on advanced Greek Composition." In Part II. the author catalogued, described and fully illustrated by well-chosen examples, the *essential* and characteristic differences between Greek and modern prose. In this third part he has selected for illustration what he terms *Minor Differences*. A glance at the table of contents enables one to appreciate the wide field of research here entered. We

¹ *Theory of Advanced Greek Prose Composition, with Digest of Greek Idioms.*
By J. Donovan, S.J., M.A. Oxford, Basil Blackwell. Price, 5s. net.

notice his judicious selection of topics for discussion and the more learned treatment bestowed on them.

It is difficult to single out particular items for praise, but for thoroughness and even originality of treatment we commend the chapter on "Predication." That on "Unity of the Greek Sentence and the Use of Pronouns" is a specimen of good scholarship and obviously based on personal research. From the literary point of view many will enjoy the treatise on Oratorical Prose, and there will also be those who will welcome the Synopsis of Greek Philosophy. Indeed, the book is, we think, worth purchasing if only for the sake of this last chapter on Style.

The author is to be congratulated on having completed a work which should prove most useful to all who still value a classical training, and, not least, to future professors of Testament Exegesis, for whom a profound and expert knowledge of Greek is an indispensable part of their equipment. Without it, as experience has shown, New Testament criticism has proved barren, when not baleful.

E.H.

3—ST. TERESA'S LETTERS¹

ST. TERESA was canonized in 1622, shortly before Urban VIII. revised the procedure of canonization. Although her writings were examined by the ecclesiastical tribunals, such ephemeral products of her pen as letters and memoranda were not called in, and the opportunity of collecting them did not arise. When, more than a hundred years later, a systematic collection was undertaken, a vast amount of correspondence had in the meantime been lost, some small remnants of which have been recovered within the last forty or fifty years. The older editors of her works contented themselves with publishing a comparatively small number of letters, with no attempt at critical accuracy or chronological order. Thus, Canon Dalton added to most of his translations of the writings of the Saint a few selected letters, and, moreover, published in 1853, a whole volume arranged under such headings as "Letters to kings, to bishops, priests, religious, people in the world." Don Vicente de Fuente was the first to give to the world the fruit of the labours of the eighteenth-century collectors, in so far as they had not been lost during the Spanish revolution. The English translation by the Stanbrook nuns embodies everything in the way

¹ *The Letters of Saint Teresa*, a complete edition translated from the Spanish and annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. Vol. IV. London, Thomas Baker. Pp. viii., 398. Price, 11s. 1924.

of letters and memoranda that has been preserved or recently discovered. The volume under review brings the collection to a happy conclusion. It contains one hundred and fifty-four letters or fragments of letters, bearing dates from February, 1580, to within three weeks of the Saint's death. The troubles which had embittered her life for so many years and brought her work to the brink of destruction were practically ended, but so far from enjoying now a well-earned rest, St. Teresa found herself face to face with fresh difficulties, resulting from the delay in the canonical settlement of the convents and friaries of the discalced religious, and from differences of opinion and operation between some of the leading friars. The series of foundations, long interrupted, was resumed, but some of them proved so difficult that our Lord, it is recorded, had to encourage her by a loving exhortation—"Now, Teresa, be strong." Her health, never robust, grew more and more wretched; on two occasions she was in imminent danger of being drowned. Then her relatives turned against her; some of her favourite nuns treated her with marked coldness, not to say rudeness; Father Gratian, who had been her mainstay for years, left her at the very moment when she was most in need of his counsel and consolation. This last period of her life must have been infinitely more painful than the persecution she had undergone at the hands of the discalced friars. But, notwithstanding the sadness of the setting, these letters are not less bright, sometimes even more humorous, than those contained in the previous volumes, and the insight they give into her character and daily experiences is in itself a lesson in psychology. The translation by the Stanbrook nuns is at the same high level as those of the previous volumes. Generous footnotes elucidate everything that requires explanation, and a full index, covering all the four volumes, adds to the value of the publication.

SHORT NOTICES.

DEVOTIONAL.

SOME charming little reflections on the inexhaustible subject of the Blessed Sacrament called **Thy Kingdom Come** (Benziger Bros.: 30 c.) have been published by Father J. E. Moffatt, S.J., and should do much to inspire a loving yet rational *cultus* of the Abiding Presence.

More can be said in a quarter of an hour than can be put in practice in a life-time, and Father Alessandro Castellazzi's **Omelie di un quarto d'ora sui Santi Vangeli** (Scuola Tip. Editrice, Alba: 6.50 l.) provides abundance of helpful spiritual food for the Sundays and chief feasts

of the year. A skilful use of Scripture, a sound grasp of doctrine, and a burning zeal characterizes these little discourses.

Pearls from Holy Scripture (Herder: 4s. net) is a book of simple meditations for children by the Rev. Michael Joseph Watson, S.J. Bible texts head each chapter, and the great truths contained therein are explained and enlarged on in an attractive and simple way likely to appeal to the youthful mind. Interesting little stories are dotted throughout its pages, and to each chapter is allotted some verses, which in many cases can be used as prayers. There is a useful index, and the printing is clear and good. The only blot on the little book is an extrinsic one—its cost: a reminder that war prices still rule in the printing trade.

Father J. J. William's new book, **Yearning for God** (Benziger Bros. \$1.50), forms a kind of sequel to his *Keep the Gate*, and develops the great saying of St. Augustine—"Our hearts are restless till centred in Thee." He illustrates this longing of the purified soul by many examples from sacred and profane literature, speaking in parables like the Great Teacher, and illustrating the true vocation of the Christian and the means by which it should be fulfilled.

APOLOGETIC.

We are glad to see that Bishop Graham's useful and vigorous piece of apologetic, **Where we got the Bible: our Debt to the Catholic Church** (Sands and Co.: 1s. 6d. net), which first appeared in 1911, has been reprinted in a cheaper edition. An invaluable book for the C.E.G. lecturer and for those who instruct old-fashioned Protestants.

The fatuous endeavour to consider the Universe as a "closed system" and man as a self-sufficing entity—an endeavour dictated by the original pride-inspired desire to be independent of God, and still finding expression in the melancholy pages of *The Literary Guide* and the stale book-list of the R.P.A.—is mercilessly exposed by Father Owen Dudley in his **Will Men be like Gods?** (Longmans: 3s. 6d. net). Herein the futile religion of humanitarianism is stripped and dissected and shown to be half-folly, half-deceit, possessed of no intelligible philosophy and issuing only in chaos and destruction. This does not mean that it is not widely spread. Men who have lost divine faith and hope find a partial solace in the glittering imposture, with which gifted writers like Mr. H. G. Wells supply the place of the Redeemer, and Father Dudley's book, as Mr. Chesterton points out in an appreciative preface, "is concerned with a highly practical and even topical point in the controversies of the day." It should be widely disseminated, for the poison has had a long start and infects much current literature. Happily, its style is as bright and lively as its logic is deadly, and the reader will delight in its long-sustained but never-flagging argument.

In a cleverly-conceived dialogue called **Catholicism and the English Mind** (Blackwell: 1s. 6d. net), Mr. Humphrey Johnson has exhibited the welter of confused opinion on fundamental things, like God and religion and morality, outside the Church. None of the various "schools of thought" represented here has been caricatured. You can find parallels to all that is uttered in endless non-Catholic periodicals, from the *Church Times*, through the *Hibbert*, to the *Literary Guide*. And, contrasted with the truth, it can be plainly seen how much of that portentous parade

of human theories is based upon fact, how much on mere conjecture, and how little, finally, Catholicism has to fear from the pretensions of infidelity.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Life as I saw it (Kegan Paul: 7s. 6d.) is an autobiography, concerned mainly with social work, but describing a gradual realization of the truth and beauty of Catholicism and an ultimate entrance into the Fold. It is written in a slap-dash conversational style, without much regard to the niceties of literature, but it holds the reader's interest notwithstanding, for it portrays almost unconsciously a life devoted to the service of God in the neighbour. It should rather be styled "Life as I enacted it," for the biographer was no idle spectator of human affairs in her surroundings, but made consistent and strenuous efforts to better them. It is a book full of shrewd humour and kindness, and should prove an inspiration to ladies of leisure—and faith.

We are glad that friends and circumstances have combined to induce Mgr. Kolbe of Cape Town to relate the stages of his progress from Puritanism to Catholicism, which he styles *Up the Slopes of Mount Zion* (B.O. and W.: 5s.). He has all the psychological insight and powers of expression necessary to give the religious history of a mind from childhood to maturity, and his narrative is therefore of surpassing interest. He confines his attention to his intellectual growth, but shows how that was affected by the variety of religious types he met with. An undying zeal for truth and a keen logical faculty prevented him from pausing in his search until he reached the goal, although he knew that religious development gave inevitable pain to those he would gladly have shielded from it. The particular phases of belief through which Mgr. Kolbe passed are not, perhaps, very frequently met with in these rationalistic days, but of course the intellectual appeal of Catholicism remains the same. It has seldom been more effectively presented.

The life of *Felix Westerwoudt, Missioner in Borneo* (Catholic Foreign Missionary Society of America: price not given), is a book we should like to see in the hands of every Catholic. Composed by his sister for private circulation only, this most edifying biography was permitted to be made public not without great difficulty. It is beautifully written and admirably arranged, and to quote the preface, "it is the more touching because it is so intimate, so loving, so simple." Entering St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill, in 1883, Father Westerwoudt began a missionary career, which is told in a way that should stimulate missionary interest. Few will be able to read this little book and remain unmoved. His wonderful perseverance in the face of all difficulties and privations show the glorious steadfast purpose of this great lover and soldier of Christ. The descriptions of the native life of Borneo alone make most interesting reading, and there are numerous photographic illustrations. Cardinal Van Rossum has written a commendatory letter to the book.

HISTORICAL.

It was to be expected that the proclamation of the Jubilee of 1925 and the invitation to undertake a pilgrimage to Rome which this implies, would naturally lead to the issue of fresh literature bearing upon the

Christian antiquities of the Eternal City. An extremely useful and practical little volume which has been sent us is that of Mr. Roger Thynne on **The Churches of Rome** (Kegan Paul: 12s. 6d. net). It is convenient in size, is admirably and copiously illustrated, it contains a map which, though small, is fairly clear and comprehensive, and, so far as we have been able to examine the text, the information supplied is orderly, accurate and up-to-date. There is, for example, a pretty full account of St. Maria Antiqua and of St. Clemente, though these are not exactly existing churches. If we have a criticism it would be that, in spite of the Index and Table of Contents, it is not always easy to say whether a particular shrine is included. For instance, as regards the sanctuary of the Sancta Sanctorum or the Scala Santa, we are inclined to think that Mr. Thynne has not included these in his plan, but without a longer search than we have time for we cannot make quite sure. Mr. Thynne's attitude towards past legends and traditions is non-committal, but he does not approach his subject from the point of view of the Catholic pilgrim who is keenly interested in the more devotional aspects of the antiquities of the Eternal City. For this purpose we may still recommend the *Pilgrim Walks in Rome* of Father Chandlery, S.J., of which a new edition, now in the press, will be issued in a few weeks.

The blot upon un-Christian Capitalism is its fostering of usury—the making of unjust profits at the expense of others—and the Church has never ceased her denunciations of usurious practices. How consistent her attitude has been is clearly shown in the valuable little volume issued as the "Catholic Social Year Book for 1924," written by Mr. Henry Somerville and called **Letters on Social History** (C.S.G., Oxford: 1s. net). No better aid to understanding the present one-sided development of industrialism, which is lopsided as well and threatens to upset the whole social fabric, can be suggested than this clear and cogent record of how human avarice, once it got beyond the control of religion, issued always in hideous injustice and oppression, and corrupted the civilization which Christianity inspired. We hope it may be widely read, for Mr. Somerville writes with the force which comes from competent knowledge, and supports his conclusions by the testimony of many learned and impartial authors. We may even say that the mantle of our Catholic economic prophet, the late Mr. C. S. Devas, has fallen upon Mr. Somerville, and we may welcome in this little work both its own performance and its promise of greater things.

A close and careful study of the French Revolution, extending over 427 pages, has lately appeared under the title of **L'Agonie de l'Ancien régime** (Beauchesne: 12 fr.), by Edouard Gasc-Desfossés. A preliminary chapter on the causes of the Revolution speaks of the writer's aim at a strict impartiality and his desire to examine his period as one examines an insect under a microscope, with a purely scientific curiosity. Above all, he wishes to avoid anything that smacks of fatalism or determinism—that modern tendency to explain everything by an almost mechanical succession of cause and effect. The book is divided into three parts, dealing with (1) The Government, (2) The three orders—the clergy, the nobility and the "tiers-état," (3) the reign of Louis XVI. to May, 1789. Each chapter is headed by a summary of contents suggesting a syllabus of lectures, for which, indeed, the work is admirably suited. Copious references to original sources, and to all the well-known authorities on

the period, stamp the work at once as a valuable addition to the student's library. After carefully weighing the matter, the author comes to the conclusion that the Revolution can no longer be upheld as the noble effort of Democracy to free itself from unjust oppression. On the contrary, during those ten bloody years, France was reduced to abject slavery under the rule of tyrants more despotic than any king of the whole régime. Several reproductions of old engravings add to the interest of this book.

NON-CATHOLIC WORKS.

We find no trace in the earnest little book called **The Creed: Addresses to Confirmation Candidates** (Longmans: 3s. 6d.), by E. E. Bryant, of any adequate conception of the nature of faith. Nowhere is it defined to be "the acceptance of revelation on divine authority," which is a Catholic definition: rather is it contrasted with knowledge, as being something tentative and vague, only realized finally as the result of experience. Consequently, though holding up a high ideal before his charges, Mr. Bryant does not teach the doctrines of the Creed with much assurance; his manner is suggestive, not authoritative. And of course, when he speaks of the ninth Article—The Holy Catholic Church—he is altogether misleading.

As a memorial to the late Dr. Ducat, Archdeacon of Berkshire, Canon Witham has edited a collection of his sermons, called **Tests of Vocation and other Addresses** (Longmans: 3s. 6d. net), which reveal a deeply spiritual mind. The Archdeacon was at one time Head of Cuddesdon Theological College, and many of his discourses take their colour from that office.

Mr. F. C. Williams has had the happy idea of recovering in imagination the witness of many persons who knew our Lord in the flesh and who may have provided the Evangelists with some of their material. **Men who met Jesus** (Longmans: 2s. 6d.) is a series of short narratives, reverently told, purporting to give the impressions of various people with whom our Lord had to do during His mortal life.

FICTION.

We are late in noticing a collection of poems and stories, called **Rosemary** (Sampson Low: 7s. 6d. net), by different well-known authors, which is published, as the title suggests, in aid of the "Not-Forgotten" Association, a charitable body whose voluntary functions are to supplement what a grateful country has done for the sick and incurable victims of the war. The book is well worth what is charged for it, as in addition to characteristic productions of some score of famous authors it contains camera portraits of them. An excellent Christmas present.

Short stories—with unmistakable morals—such is the collection by Milton McGovern called, from the first **When the Moon became a Chinaman**. The stories, whether of modern or byegone days, are well conceived and readable, but we prefer those that deal with the present.

The latest story from the skilled pen of Marion Anne Taggart, **The Dearest Girl** (Benziger Bros.: \$1.50) is described as a "juvenile," but will please not only that large and growing class, but also all who can appreciate clever characterization, humour, and true though unobtrusive piety.

A story of an American boy's adventures in India—**Where Monkeys Swing** (Benziger Bros.: \$1.25), by Neil Boyton, S.J.—introduces many vivid descriptions and thrilling adventures centring round the personality of J. Marquette Moran, commonly called Mousie from the colour of his hair. The tale is told with a plentiful admixture of the American vernacular, sometimes picturesque and happy, sometimes strained and ill-fitting, and shows a first-hand knowledge of Indian conditions.

Two girls' stories by another American writer, Inez Specking, have that great continent for a setting, and deal in pleasant humorous fashion with school-day events and adventures. **Missy** (Benziger Bros.: \$1.25) gives a picture of the mental and spiritual growth of a shy, reticent child, and **The Awakening of Edith** (Benziger Bros.: \$1.50) tells how a high-spirited tom-boy developed a vocation.

The Gates of Olivet (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net), by Lucille Borden, is a much more ambitious and even more successful achievement. All those who realize the real purpose of life will appreciate the force and insight which describe the gradual realization of a higher call vouchsafed to one who had the fairest prospects of earthly happiness, and the skill whereby events are marshalled to lead to its fulfilment. Under guise of a tender love-romance the book is really an essay in mysticism and a plea for the contemplative life in closest union with that of Christ, and so it may carry its high message to regions deprived of more direct appeal. The characterization is thoroughly artistic and the whole book evinces considerable gifts of observation and style.

We are glad to meet again one of Mr. Montgomery Carmichael's too rare excursions into fiction in the romance styled **Christopher and Cressida** (Macdonald and Evans: 5s. net), which recalls some of the character and scenes of that finely-conceived sketch, *The Solitaires of the Sambuca*. The minute genealogical lore in which Mr. Carmichael excels is plentifully exhibited in this new story, but its chief interest lies in the description of a great human love, terribly tested, tragically broken, wonderfully restored, purified and ennobled. Rarely have the disastrous effects of consciously departing from "God's order" been more vividly depicted, nor the elevating powers of true repentance. The book, whilst entrancing as a tale, is also excellent spiritual reading.

The interest aroused by the collection of instances of "clairaudience" called *Mystic Voices* has induced the author, "Roger Pater," to tell, in **My Cousin Philip** (B.O. and W.: 6s.), the life-story of the old priest who was endowed with that strange gift. The character, which is very delicately sketched, has all the marks of a study from life, and introduces impressions of the old Prior Park and of Papal Rome. We should not be surprised to learn that in most of its details it is an autobiography.

If any author we can recall to mind other than Miss Enid Dinnis had elected to write four books of short stories on precisely the same lines, we should say that it was improbable—not to say impossible—that they would all hold us enthralled from first to last. But Miss Dinnis has achieved the impossible. From the writer of *God's Fairy Tales* and *Mystics All* one is led to expect things wholly beautiful, full of deep spiritual insight, but in **More Mystics** (Sands and Co.: 4s. 6d. net) Miss Dinnis has surpassed herself. To say which story we liked best is like being asked to choose from a string of different gems all cut alike,—who

could say if the ruby, the emerald or the sapphire is the loveliest? If pressed to make choice we think it would be "The Psychic Experience," for this is perhaps the most penetrating thing Miss Dinnis has written yet. It may even penetrate the armour of those who have had no knowledge of the meaning of humility hitherto. This little story, so rich in humour and so light of touch, is a masterpiece in showing the difference between the pseudo article and the real thing. It may reach in its few pages what larger and deeper works on the subject have failed to achieve. But if this is the ruby, then undoubtedly "Mr. Stapleton and the Nipper" and "The Enfoldment of Mopsy Green" are the emerald and the sapphire. "Oliver"—the public who can appreciate good literature and high spirituality—asks for yet More Mystics.

The Rev. Mark Cross, S.J., has given us another volume of healthy fiction for boys that should be as popular as its predecessor *Double Eagles*, for in **Haunted Hollow** (Herder: 6s. net) the principle characters of his first story reappear and are as delightful as ever. There is no lack of incident in the book.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The human physiognomy of God incarnate has not been preserved for us. How rapturously we should receive an authentic portrait of the Saviour, showing majesty and beauty and human kindness! Failing that, the compilation by Prof. Giovanni E. Mirlle, called **Christ's Likeness in History and Art** (B.O. and W.: 12s. 6d.), and containing many reproductions of the conceptions of famous artists, forms a sort of substitute. Historically, both for the student of painting and of the development of religious ideals, the book is very valuable. A running commentary by the compiler supplies an interpretation of the various representations which is at least suggestive.

The diocese which boasts of Oxford Cathedral is not of Papal creation. Henry VIII. created the See of Oxford, and in an economizing hour gave it an ancient church for a Cathedral which was to serve also as a chapel for one of the colleges of the University. As a Catholic monument Oxford Cathedral has an interesting history, which goes back to the convent church built in the eighth century by St. Frideswide. Mr. Warne's conscientious study of the Cathedral, **Oxford Cathedral** (S.P.C.K.: 7s. 6d. net), has been issued in a solid and interesting volume. The illustrations in photogravure and drawings are not only beautiful, but also real helps to the enjoyment of the text. At the end of the well-indexed book there is a detachable insertion which a visitor to the Cathedral may conveniently carry along as a guide, if he has not the leisure to study the book itself on the spot. Although the author's beliefs accord more with the later history of the Cathedral than with the earlier, he is not without reverence for the old. It is a relief to see him referring to the Mother of God as the Blessed Virgin. He gives a reproduction of the celebrated picture in St. Lucy's Chapel where the figure of St. Thomas Becket is decapitated. Henry VIII. found the dead saint guilty of treason, and ordered his head struck off from all his images. The author's sense of humour prompted him to give a translation from the inscription on the tablet erected to the memory of Dr. Thomas Lockey, Prebendary and Bodley's librarian in the seventeenth century: "Whose double visit to

Rome caused neither his native land nor yet his religious beliefs to lose favour in his sight. Whom also a kindly Providence endowed with an easy conscience and other virtues of mild character in order that he might live contented both with himself and his estate."

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The **Claver Almanac for the African Missions for 1925** (Sodality of St. Peter Claver, Princethorpe: 1s.) is full of interesting reading bearing on the great work of Christianizing the African native, in many cases the most helpless of all God's children; great work with very small resources. No one can read of the heroic devotion of the missionaries to those poor savages without some stirring of zeal: may it be a practical one.

A booklet called **Voices from India** tells us, in its 64 illustrated pages, how, in British India, the whole race of the Oraons is coming over to the Faith. Mgr. Pisani, the Apostolic Delegate, can write, without exaggeration, on the front page of this booklet: "Never, in my opinion, since the days of St. Francis Xavier, has there been witnessed in India such an expansive growth of Catholic works." Those interested in the spread of the Faith can obtain this brochure from the Rev. C. Humbert, St. Beuno's College, St. Asaph, N. Wales.

Steadily if unostentatiously the Catholic Reading Guild, under the able management of Mr. George Coldwell, is endeavouring to fulfil its motto—"The Conversion of our land by books." The **Annual Report for 1923** (Red Lion Passage, W.C.1) contains encouraging figures relating to the expansion of the work.

A little doctrinal treatise, disguised under the title **Guide in a Catholic Church for non-Catholic Visitors** (B.O. and W.: 6d.), by L. W. Fox, is now in its fourth edition and is well worth buying, even by those of the Household. For it takes occasion of the worship and objects of devotion to be found in our churches, to give their theological *raison d'être*—an explanation likely to be more convincing when read in presence of what is explained.

Devotees of the great Cardinal—and their number grows with the years—will be glad to have the selection of **Portraits of John Henry Newman** (B.O. and W.: 2s. 6d.) which represent him at various stages of his life. They have been chosen, with the advice of the Edgbaston Fathers, as amongst the "best and most characteristic."

The Curator of the Salisbury Museum, Mr. Frank Stevens, has written a very full and interesting account of the great problem of Salisbury Plain—**Stonehenge: To-day and Yesterday** (H.M. Stationery Office: 6d. net), which is admirably illustrated by Mr. H. Sumner, F.S.A. The visitor needs nothing more than this booklet to "put him wise" about Stonehenge: what is certain regarding it and what is uncertain. Under the latter category we note the remark—"There seems to be no valid reason for supposing that Stonehenge was erected by the Druids."

Amongst various Almanacs for 1925 we may mention the very useful **Catholic Diary** (B.O. and W.: 2s. cloth, 4s. leather) and the smaller **Catholic Almanac** (2d.) issued by the same firm; a very large **Almanac of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary** (Longmans: 1s.), which mingles edifying fact and fiction in a very pleasing way and has abundance of

interesting illustrations; and the *Almanack du Pèlerin* (Bonne Presse: 1.50 fr.), which also presents a mixed grille of very palatable mental nourishment along with the usual statistical information.

The *Our Father* in pictures, printed on stout linen and warranted indestructible by the most vigorous infant, can be recommended for the nursery-library (B.O. and W.: 1s.).

Amongst new reprints of the C.T.S. we find Father Hull's *What the Catholic Church is and what She teaches* (2d.), now in its 80th thousand; Mr. Anstruther's *Catholic Answers to Protestant Charges* (2d.: 106th thousand); Father Woodlock's *The Miracles at Lourdes* (2d.: 30th thousand), and the fifth edition of Mr. Herbert Hall's *And You shall find Rest to Your Souls* (2d.). A very clear and useful account of the Uniate Churches is given in Mr. W. L. Scott's *Eastern Catholics* (2d.), which treats incidentally of the Greek Schismatics. And under the title of *Marriage: a Dialogue on the Christian Ideal* (2d.), Mrs. Wilfred Ward gathers together a vast deal of most salutary instruction on every aspect of this important subject. In this connection we may single out from the valuable contents of the second issue of *The Catholic Woman's Outlook*, an outspoken paper on *Birth Control*, by Mrs. Mildred Hewitt, addressed primarily to Catholic women, some of whom are apt to be infected by the laxity prevailing around them.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

EAUCHESNE, Paris.

La Crédit. By R. Macaigne. Pp. 110. Price, 5.00 fr. *L'Evangel* selon Saint Marc. Translated with notes by Joseph Huby, S.J. Pp. xix, 422. Price, 14.00 fr.

BENZIGER BROS., New York.

Where Monkeys Swing. By N. Boyton, S.J. Pp. 203. Price, \$1.25. *The Awakening of Edith*. By Inez Specking. Pp. 217. Price, \$1.50. *Yearning for God*. By J. J. Williams, S.J. Pp. 183. Price, \$1.50.

BLACKWELL, Oxford.

Catholicism and the English Mind. By H. Johnson. Pp. xi, 90. Price, 1s. 6d. net.

BONNE PRESSE, Paris.

La Vieille Fille. By Pierre l'Ermite. Illustrated. Pp. 128. Price, 3.00 fr. *Almanach du Pèlerin*. Price, 1.50 fr.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBURN, London.

Corvey Abbey. A translation of Weber's "Dreizehnlinden." By

M. A. Mügge. Pp. xiii, 177. Price, 10s, 6d. *Christian Spirituality during the Middle Ages*. By Rev. P. Pourrat. Translated by S. P. Jacques. Vol. II. Pp. xiii, 341. Price, 10s. 6d. *Christ and the Critics*. By Dr. H. Felder, O.M.Cap. Translated by J. L. Stoddard. Vol. II. Pp. vi, 457. Price, 12s. 6d. *Catherine*. By Sophie Maude. Pp. 248. Price, 5s. *My Cousin Philip*. By Roger Pater. Pp. vi, 259. Price, 6s. *Jesuhi*. By Emily Hickey. Pp. 18. Price, 1s. *J. H. Newman: Portraits*. Price, 2s. 6d. *The Catholic Diary for 1925*. Prices, 2s. and 4s. *The Catholic Almanac for 1925*. Price, 2d. *The Our Father*. Price, 1s.

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, Maryknoll.

Vicars and Prefects Apostolic. By Rev. F. J. Winslow, J.C.L. Pp. iv, 148. Price, \$1.50

CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD, Oxford.

Letters on Social History. By H. Somerville. Pp. 80. Price, 1s. 6d.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.
Several Twopenny Pamphlets.

CIVILTA CATTOLICA, Rome.
Merrigio d'Etiopia. By M. Barbera, S.J. Pp. 288. Price, 10.00 l.

DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia.
Essentialia Philosophiae. By Rev. F. P. Siegfried. Pp. xxx. 342. Price, 51.80.

EASON & SON, Dublin.
Handbook of the Ulster Question. With many maps and charts. Pp. 164. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

"EDITIONS SPRS," Paris.
L'Enseignement Social de Jésus. VI. By A. Lugan. Pp. 116. Price, 3.00 fr.

GABALDA, Paris.
Le B. Pierre Canisius. By Abbé L. Cristiani. Pp. 188. Price, 4.00 fr. *L'Ordre et les Ordinations.* By Abbé J. Tixeront. Pp. viii. 272. Price, 8.00 fr. net. *Histoire Politique des Protestants Français.* 2 Vols. By Abbé J. Dedieu. Pp. xv. 422; iv. 375. Price, 25.00 fr.

GILL & SON, Dublin.
Edmund Burke as an Irishman. By William O'Brien. Pp. xiv. 317. Price, 12s. 6d.

GIRIN & CO., London.
Selections from the Latin Fathers. Edited by Rev. P. E. Hebert. Pp. xv. 186. Price, 7s. net.

HERDER, Freiburg.
Religiöse Volksströmungen der Gegenwart. By Dr. Arthur Allgirer. Pp. 154. Price, 3s. *Wege der Weltweisheit.* By B. Jansen, S.J. Pp. viii. 368. Price, 9s. *Prim und Complex des römischen Breviers.* By Dr. Nicolaus Gehr. Pp. viii. 342. Price, 8s. *Gotteswerke und Menschenwege.* Illustrated. By Prof. G. Fugel and B. Lippert, S.J. Pp. 72. Price, 12 m.

HUTCHINSON, London.
The Gates of Olivet. By Lucille Borden. Pp. 288. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

JAMES SMITH, London.
The Holy Year. Pp. 72. Price, 4s. 6d.

LONGMANS, London.
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